

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

JUNE 25, 1979

75¢

Dressing the New Woman





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Editorial

If Joe Clark defies the will of Allah, will the entire Islamic world cut out his tongue?



By Peter C. Newman

It's a fair indication of how blessed and innocent Canada really is that the first few weeks of Joe Clark's stewardship have been characterized by massive unknown for the issues that will decide this country's future. Not a word has been said about repatriating the Canadian economy. We have yet to hear even the hint of a federal response to Beirut's recently reaffirmed intention of bombing the country in two. The business cycle wobbles on the edge of a downturn. None of this flatters the Canadian psyche.

Instead, the most contentious issue around is the Conservative leader's pledge that he'll move Canada's embassy in Israel to Jerusalem from Tel Aviv. All over the country, especially in Toronto where the Jewish vote still means something, reporters for daily newspapers have been scouring the few Arab bars and restaurants. They are searching for the first available and articulate Arab or once-prod Lebanese rug merchant willing to go on record as saying that if we persist in our intended perfidy, defying the will of Allah, the entire Islamic world will descend upon us, cut out Joe Clark's tongue, deprive us of profitable business contracts and all supplies, reducing the land mass north of the 49th parallel to red ash.

Such threats have in turn prompted Flora MacDonald (the first executive director of the Committee for an Independent Canada to become secretary of

state for external affairs) to respond that, well, maybe it wasn't her government's top priority anyway, and even if she doesn't lead Jewish (with her freckles, red hair and all) the Tories are damn well not going to let that nasty John Roberts beat Ron Atkey in St. Paul's riding the next time round. So, even if the embassy stays where it is, at least everyone's going to make a lot of righteous noise about it.

In fact, Joe Clark's instincts are dead right. The entire Israeli government (except its defence ministry) operates out of Jerusalem, which is the country's officially designated capital. Thirteen of the 40 countries that exercise diplomatic relations with the Jewish state occupy embassies in Jerusalem, because that is where nearly all diplomatic business is transacted. Even those ambassadors who live in Tel Aviv spend most of their time in the Holy City.

The American example might be worth following. As well as its consular embassy in Tel Aviv, the U.S. state department operates a large consulate in the western sector of Jerusalem, whose chief of mission reports directly to Washington.

Location of the Canadian embassy is hardly vital to our national interest. But Joe Clark's pledge in one of those issues of principle that test a politician's fibre. If he follows the usual kind of Canadian compromise he will offend those who voted for him and disillusion those who might have—and the Canadian embassy will probably end up in Haifa.

Macleans

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Sally Field: the girl next door gets tough—and wins

POURTRAIT

By Laura Deans

Sally Field is a lot like Norma Rae, the role that won her the Best Actress Award at this year's Cannes Film Festival. Both women are 32-year-old single mothers of two children, trying to better their working lives—Norma Rae by getting a union into the factory where she and most of those in her small Southern town are employed, actress Sally Field by building out for worldwide roles to come along. After a decade of playing what might charitably be called unusual girls (*Gidget*, *The Flying Nun*, and a TV series about a kid called *The Girl With Something Extra*), Sally Field had never played a raucous, undisciplined, Irish-and-blond woman, until Norma Rae came along. It was a long wait.

Now, in the danger of a new, improved stereotype, Field as *Freddie*. The critics have been conditioned to accept *Barbarella* coming into *Bella Abzug*, but Field is looking that strange too.

"Norma Rae wasn't political," insisted Field in an interview at Cannes "and in that she's a lot like me. I'm not a political person at all. I don't go out and stand on platforms and tell people what I think. I don't know what I think."

In Field's view, "Norma was fighting for her immediate environment. If you told her she was doing something political, she wouldn't have understood. She was just doing what she had to do to survive."

In *Stripes*, where Norma Rae has just opened, left-leaning critics were far more disposed to congratulate Field for her portrayal of a determined young woman who discovers her social conscience in the latter stages of the war, they were ready to deal with her avowed apolitical perspective.

Director Martin Ritt, whose films (*The Front*, *Concord* and *The Molly Maguires*) are more politically aware than the run of American movies, backs up Field's interpretation. "She won't let the labor struggle take the spotlight for Norma Rae," he told reporters at a Cannes press conference. "It was the character of the woman."

Norma Rae was based on the real-life story of textile organizer Crystal Lee



Photo by [unreadable]

Jordan, although Ritt's film is more typical Hollywood fictionization than a chronicle of a political struggle. Field didn't base her performance on Jordan at all (a documentary on Jordan's life is being made by American film-maker Barbara Kopple, whose *Hearts of Fire*, U.S.A. is perhaps the best, and most authentic American "union" film). She played Norma Rae simply as she related the small-town woman to her own life. "Sometimes I get to be the character," Field explains, "and I know her better than the writers do. Something happens to me. I live. I breathe. I wake up as this person. If a director won't listen to me, I

Field and her sons at home in Laurel Canyon, a lot like Gidget. (Right: Norma Rae)

want to shoot myself or shoot him." Luckily, director Ritt is an unqualified Field fan. "I consider Sally Field to be one of the best actresses with whom I have ever worked—perhaps even the best. Her rushes were the most successful I've screened in 15 years. She was fantastic."

Field herself is short on self-hype. "I guess that's sort of unattractive," she says of her political indifference. "I used to read a lot when people talked about those areas and proved I was



into all that, but I'm really not. I'm not a social being at all."

The girl's trip to Cannes was Field's first trip to Europe. Born and raised in southern California's San Fernando Valley, Field now lives in Laurel Canyon with her sons, aged 4 and 6. "I haven't traveled very far," she commented in a girlish, Southern-flavored voice, "she gives strangers as 'you all' and admitted that she felt "like a dork" because she couldn't speak French. Her modesty edges on self-deprecation—structure, perhaps, in an actress who may well win an Academy Award next year, but it underlines the Sally Field who has consciously taken firm control of her career. After 10 years of TV success. In 1974, contrary to everyone's advice, she turned television goodbye—along with her agent, her business manager, her house and her husband.

"What I was going through was feeling [that] in all areas of my life I had let go of everything that was draining me." The undertone was typewriting; television brought her money and dozens of offers for series, but all for the same kind of character. "I desperately needed to stop perpetuating the spinster, neurotic, stupid, victim, go-out-door rules. I was always off-hand. So I just dropped out."

Her manager told her she was crazy to try for films she'd find hard. The early '70s were, in fact, a dry spell as far as decent women's roles in Hollywood. So

Field simply stayed out of camera range for three years, studying at the Actor's Studio in New York, and waiting for the right part. It came with the role of a lower-class Southern woman who worked at a health spa in Bob Rafelson's 1976 film *Shog*. *Shog* became best known for introducing musician Arnold Schwarzenegger to movie audiences. "Nobody did a fuck flip over my performance," she remembers now. "But it pulled up their heads a little. They said, 'This isn't the Sally Field we know so well.' That led, in the same year, to *Schick* [the television film about a schizophrenic young woman that won her an Emmy] which was the big change in the way the industry thought of me. For the first time, typewriting worked for me. I had the element of surprise on my side."

But the studios still didn't know what to do with her. ("They either found me too small, too young, too young, too sweet...") For the next few years, she played opposite Bob Reynolds, her companion of three years, in a couple of drives-in hits—*Hombre*, and *Smoking on the Beach*—films that wouldn't help her career, but which wouldn't hurt it either.

Now, the only obstacle that remains in the inescapable fact that, at 34, Sally Field is still as perky as Gidget at 19. No *Silverado* support parts will come her way for some time. Her career in southern California moved, her height is barely five feet. Oliver camera angles aside, the image still spells All-American Dore.

"You'd have a hard time believing I come from Buffalo," Field agrees. "I'm more like the average American than the privileged American. I'm not yet like Loni Anderson. Oliver or Sir Alec Guinness, whose names, with or even you don't recognize when they're among. With me, there's always an essence meaning that's really Sally." Note, however, the unconscious implicit in the phrase, *not yet*.

The credits are slowly being broken, but studios always believe just as what you were in your last film. After *Schick*, they said "She can't do comedy"—which was I'd done up to that point. Now I'm getting a lot of scripts for bawdy women, women lumberjack-types. A lot of people," she sighs, "don't like much vision." Audiences have to learn to do what Jane Fonda has the gumption to do take a story that's interesting to her, and go to directors and writers she likes to do it. Fonda's been the impact behind half the good women's films in America in the last few years."

But, as usual, a remark both honest and self-critical intrudes. "Women weren't trained to take charge and I'm not ready to do that yet. I don't like being a beggar," she admits. "But it's what actresses have to do."

Norma Rae was her life-saver. She accepted Ritt's offer even before she read the script. ("Thank God I liked the script.") She added some of her own work, when Norma Rae is hard at work with the Jewish union organizer from New York, he sends her his own book, *Heaven, Kentucky*, which she reads. "I wish, I wish," she says, "I wish I was like Norma Rae as she leaves, in her Southern story."

The film was shot in 10 weeks on location in Georgia, Alabama, and although Ritt insists the use of battle is only peripheral to the central story of a woman's personal struggle to survive, Norma Rae has been banned by many Southern U.S. textile towns.

Like Norma Rae, Sally Field apparently has a sure of personal integrity that would make it hard to march to the tune. ("The new Field Girl would now have to be called Gidget Goes to College Graduates, and Gidget a *Real-Success* Girl.") "I've begun to realize," she confesses, "that each different life you reach in your career offers a whole new set of hell to climb and mountains to conquer. I thought that at a certain point at all came your way, that the problem would be how to choose between five brilliant scripts. But it's just out. You can be identical for so long, that you have to make some choices. In the last few years, I've learned that there is no 'This Is It.' It's one step at a time, one foot in front of the other." ☐

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A world college where borders are unlearned

In its fifth year of operation, Pearson College is one of three United World Colleges (the others are in Wales and Singapore). On the basis of letters of application, students are accepted on

As well as making the grade academically, Pearson students must partici-

A black and white photograph showing two divers in the water. They are wearing diving masks and snorkels, and appear to be looking towards the camera. The water is dark and choppy.

Evangelical West Coast campus of Pearson College (left) and students (above) from Sacramento during the 2008 election year.

But like many ideologic concepts born in the 1960s, Pearson College now has problems. First and always is money. Funding from governments (including grants such as the \$1,580 from Papua-New Guinea) is generous, but not enough to meet the college's \$1.6-million operating budget. Almost 21 mil-



has recently raised nearly four million dollars from individuals and corporate donors. "With voluntary contributions from individuals, we can do a lot more," says a Nashville 10-year-old donor. "We can do a lot more than place runs on public relations." Equal to the task is an energetic board of trustees chairman and former Liberal senator John Nichols. He is aided by a high-powered board which includes such well-connected former civil servants and politicians as Donald Macdonald, Roland Michener and Jim Coates. What they see as urgent, leaders fight hard to, in the faint whiff of obituary. "I recall going in to see our bank official in the early 1950s," laughs Jack Matthews.



and his saying, "All right, Jack, you have five minutes to convince me Pearson isn't a racist," convinced me that the school's power of fallacy was becoming increasingly difficult. Pearson's speech at the World College Conference.¹ However, the board—perhaps sentimentally attracted to perhaps Pearson's dream of no barriers—has been adamant in maintaining it. Pearson's success as an educational experience (after any other, however, can be seen in the response of Seribe Odofo of Nigeria. When they asked him what was the biggest problem at Pearson, his answer was "racism."² Thomas Huckle

In the District of Newfoundland government, it is difficult to express some waiting list by taking their own fishing for a couple of hours, the fish run up to 1,600 pounds. But, 600 pounds. That's what it is. They're called locally, "stagnant water" or "stagnant fish". The government had to buy some boats. It was the stagnation of a river. But the government purchased 50 boats. So of these, entered a collection by the fish. They brought sport fishermen to Newfoundland. And around the world to pursue the great hunt. This year, perhaps there are the 50 original boats will be able to renew their license. The sport-fishing business has taken a day, and the nation is still at large as a fishing line in a nostalgic way.

Lloyd Colbourne, skipper of the charter



Rolling a three magister off the Nova Scotia coast Newfoundland's loss

best. Lucky Strike says they've caught most of the young tuna. There are a lot less tuna around now. And why fish that size, there are a lot of factors involved, especially complicated. A tuna doesn't live long enough to grow to 700 pounds by being dumb. They're out there, and we

[illegible]

And it's the late, charter business has drifted off to Wedgeport, Nova Scotia, and North Lake P.E.I., the big game are no more plentiful there, but the fishery thrives because it is opened more as soon than business elsewhere. A dozen boats—fishing rods passed in the holdies—wooden sweet chairs empty on the rear decks—hold all their mornings in Conception Bay on the southern coast of Newfoundland—all closed but with no place to go.

Robert Plankin

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Frontlines

The world's best golf, by Watson

By Ken Beckler

Mairfield Village is a complex of luxurious homes surrounding the Memorial golf course on 248 acres of woods and rolling hills just northwest of Columbus, Ohio. Jack Nicklaus was born in Columbus. Jack Nicklaus attended Ohio State University in Columbus. The Mairfield Village Golf Club was conceived by Jack Nicklaus. The Memorial course was designed by Jack Nicklaus. The Memorial tournament, held the last weekend in May since 1976, is hosted by Jack Nicklaus. The trophy room in the clubhouse contains everything from Jack Nicklaus' touring ring to his Masters' jacket. A wall at the clubhouse is covered with sports-illustrated covers. Every year—and there are dozens—brims the visage of Jack Nicklaus. The pro shop is stocked with golf shoes, the label signed by Jack Nicklaus, the patch worn by Golden Bear. It was at Mairfield this past U.S. Memorial Day weekend that Jack Nicklaus grew old and Tom Watson grew up.

The 15th hole at Memorial is a par 3, 480 yards from the championship tees to the center of the pine-shaped greens. For the professional, a perfect drive will send the ball to the fairway, leaving about 200 to 220 yards to the elevated green and a chance for an eagle 1.

Tom Watson stood over his ball at the crest of that hill in the opening round of the Memorial tournament. At that point in the round he was two over par. An eagle would drop him back to even par, not a bad place to be on a damp, chilly afternoon on a demanding golf course like Memorial. But neither of his playing partners, Mitter Barber and Gil



Watson lines up a putt while the gallery (top) watches, but can he turn in on it?

Morgan, had reached the green with his second shot. Both had been in good position to do so. Morgan, with the same two-iron Watson held in his hands, Watson never hesitated. Chaspoons are not indestructible. The ball began its flight on a low trajectory, then seemed to release its after-burners as it dashed toward the green.

"Get up," Watson commanded. The ball climbed higher.

"Up," he ordered. The ball cleared the hill in front of the green.

"All the way," he demanded. It came to rest two feet from the cup.

The crowd around the greens applauded, though from 200 yards away they could not distinguish the face above the white shoes, blue slacks and

gray sweater. But the gallery, very busy passing the word up to the green, a 200-yard piece of telephone with the sunniest moonbeams clear "Watson." The applause grew as the young man approached the green. Being the best player in golf make the best shot of the day seemed to please everybody. Everybody that is, except the man in the red and white checked slacks, red and white patent leather shoes, red shirt, white necktie and sunglasses. "Jeez," the man said. "He makes it look too easy."

The man had his name was Bol—"No last names, please, for professional reasons." He said he was from Cleveland where he ran a

clucking store and a little book on the side. He said he bet every week on golf tournaments and went to watch them whenever he could. "I like to see who I'm betting on," he said. "Right now, like everybody else, I'm betting on Watson. But let me tell you something: I don't enjoy it. Palmer was a pleasure to get me off of Nicklaus' last class. But this kid—better on this kid in his ordering. Inevitably on Woodlawn with my money."

"See what I mean," said Bol. Watson had just struck in his eagle putt. He reached into the cup with his left hand and extracted the ball, with his right hand, he acknowledged the crowd's applause with all the warmth of royalty waving from a passing carriage. He mouthed a "thank you," though no sound emerged. He smiled his gap-toothed smile. "He's money in the

REPORT

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bank," said Reil, "but who wants to spend a day off in a bank."

When the round was over, Watson had a one-over-par 73. When the tournament was over, he had the title and the \$54,000 first prize. Nicklaus handed Watson the trophy. The old king said "There is no doubt about it, this man is playing the best golf in the world right now." The young king accepted the trophy. "You're a great player." As before the cerebral world of golf, it was a bloodless coup. But it's always difficult to watch a coronation with the old king standing by.

It was inevitable, though. And it tested the memories of those who kicked and screamed when upstart Nicklaus deposed the last golf king, Arnold Palmer. It's easy to forget that Arnold's Army once booed Nicklaus, booed on his backswing, jeered his brilliant shots. But Nicklaus was surely the better. So, when pudgy, crew-cut Nicklaus massaged, trimmed his whiskers and let his hair grow, spoke with dignity and an appreciation of his game and its supporters, he too was embraced. But every time Jack's game slipped a bit, every time a new face won as a winning spore, there was talk of king-making. Several—Lee Trevino, Johnny Miller, Hubert Green—seemed about to overtake Nicklaus only to watch him grab his mown back and wear it more accurately than ever. Until now. Until Watson.

Age is the critical factor here. Tom Watson was born in Kansas City, Missouri, on Sept. 4, 1948. This September, Watson turns 30. Next January, Nicklaus turns 49. Coincidentally, this year, also in September, Arnold Palmer turns 60. The numbers seem to indicate that it's as good a time as any for the game to



Showing his style (above), Eyrone Watson and the Watsons (below) 'I'll get better'

go through another transition, though no one figured Watson would spend that transition with such vengeance.

Already this spring, through the Memorial tournament, Watson has won four PGA tour events and \$555,874, with half the season to go he is less than \$10,000 from the record \$352,409 he won last year. Since turning pro in 1971, he has won more than \$15 million, and 18 tour events, including the '77 Masters, including the '75 and '77 British Opens. His credentials as a player are exemplary. But in the re-emergent world of the

PGA tour, especially with U.S. television ratings down this year, Watson has to do much more than play the game better than anyone else.

"Tom Watson has an obligation to himself and to golf and to the people," says someone who should know, Arnold Palmer. "Tom is the guy coming on right now and that places certain responsibilities on his shoulders. Some of the obligations he assumes just by showing up. But he also has an obligation to turn the people on. I don't think it will be a problem for him. I think he'll learn to enjoy it."

Right now, Tom Watson is playing it all very close to the vest. In an interview before the Memorial he was humble—"There's always going to be someone who dominates the game but who knows if it's going to be Tom Watson," respectful—"Because Jack has cut down on his schedule and isn't playing well people ask me if I'm now the best player in the world. It's a premature comparison," shy—"I know I now have responsibilities to the game, but I'm not fond of public speaking. I know I have to do more and I hope I'll get better."

But the over-all impression is that Watson would just as soon everybody went away and left him alone. Sinking a golf ball with a golf club is what interests him. Doing it well and with consistency. Winning is itself is irrelevant. "Winning is a result of playing well and what it's all about," he says. Watson has won golf tournaments and gone straight to the practice tee. He remembers only the mistakes. He seeks perfection in a sport supported by guys trying to break 100. He has to run wire interviews in a sport that has cherished Arnold's famous charges and Jack's mischievous flashes.

This week, Watson will make his first appearance at another well-understood golf course, Glen Abbey in Oakville, Ontario, permanent site of the Canadian Open. The sponsors are glad to have him. "From a marketing point of view," says tournament chairman David Brooks, "Tom is a great drawing card."

But what if Watson showed up and Nicklaus, or even Palmer, didn't? "Well," said Brooks, "we've had two pretty successful tournaments (at Glen Abbey) without Tom Watson. He just does not have that magnetic pull... But I think he's getting it."

Next year, after the scheduled birth of Tom and Linda Watson's first child in September, Tom plans to cut his schedule from 30 to 25 tournaments. Right now, there are 25 tournament champions hoping that by then Tom Watson will "have it."



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Letters

Poetic injustice

Readers: one *Markovitz's* great deal for bringing to our attention what is happening in the "important poetic direction" of sound poetry in B.C. Poetry *Off the Page* (Octo-Nov 2000) 21. Here, at last, is a truly democratic art form: its production requires neither intelligence, skill nor inspiration. Even the average graduate of today's high schools is capable of reciting "gustatory crisis, screaming, and coughs," and thus of reaching the dizzying heights of Parmenides in search of this new found sense.

JOHN GUNDERLIE
307 ADELAIDE AVE

The quality of mercy

Brown and Green for Meera, the film inspired by the Stephen Trueman story, a film that I produced and directed, has been inadvertently altered and misquipped in *New Showings at Your Bookstore* (May 14). I am upset because, although you now refer to the film as "a bant", you present the film in a 1973 review, stating that "Markovitz has put together a salable and enjoyable piece of serious entertainment." At the time, *Markovitz* was a huge success, being one of the top grossing English Canadian feature films produced to date. The film was also sold and shown throughout the U.S. and in many European countries. In fact, the Canadian Film Development Corporation, Patrice Poirier and Arlene Films all recovered their investments.

MURRAY SANDWITZ
703-8770

Their trough runneth over

I am grateful for Allan Petheringham's research and revelation in *The Assassination of Pierre Casseville and the Assassination of the Book* (Nov 14). I am appalled to learn to what extent the Liberal party and its leader had misused and abused their position of political power. However, knowing Petheringham to be the large-C Conservative that he is, would he honestly have believed that this gossamer and propaganda is symptomatic only of the Liberal party in Canada? Would he not agree that, given 14 years, the Progressive Conservative party (under the leadership of Joe Clark) would end up with exactly the same track record? Perhaps he would retreat to his refuge of George Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-Four* to discover the true fate of all little piggies when they come to power.

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Chain letters have been around ever since the first idle dreamer applied a slide rule to his good time chain, rope, sticks, handkerchiefs, chains and even liquor chains around. But something called the Circle of Gold recently surfaced in Canada, and the secret and Winnipeg police are on the trail of the letter, which jumped from Regina to Winnipeg, and picked up a number of participants in Brandon, Manitoba.



The chain, which police think originated in California about a year ago, instructs participants a possible windfall of \$504,500 in just 54 days, if all the links follow instructions. The letter, which claims to be legal, contains a dozen names and asks the recipient to send \$50 to the sender, as well as another \$50 to the person whose name leads the list. Then he adds his own name to the bottom of the list, bumps the top name off, and sends two copies for \$50 each—thus recouping his investment right away.

"We've heard of a few people receiving hundreds of dollars," says 34-year-old Sergeant Robin Elliot, "but it's a fraudulent scheme and the last people to get involved will be the ones who lose money."

The letter estimates that hundreds of thousands of people are already involved, but the only ones likely to get rich are the organizers in California. If all the participants followed the rules, \$504,500 (calculated, there would be 320 million letters in circulation by the 11th stage, or 12th day of the chain. Theoretically, by the 30th stage, everyone in the world would have a letter and a lot

of people would be running around looking for buyers." According to him, the scheme amounts to pyramid selling and is illegal, although he admits that it would be impossible to prosecute all participants. Anyone found guilty of promoting or managing an illegal lottery—which thousands to—could end up with a fine and two years in jail. Participants can get a \$500 fine and six months in jail. Sending out letters is not the payoff most chain-letter enthusiasts had in mind.

Then, of course, there are always the chain-busting chasers—"the ones who type new lists and put their name third instead of first, so that they collect faster," says Elliot.

To try to keep people honest, the Better Business Bureau in Winnipeg has circulated a warning pamphlet, but police doubt that it will inhibit the letter's progress anyway. Winnipeg police are interviewing people named on at least two lists, but their investigations won't be completed for a month or two—by which time thousands may well be busy licking stamps and waiting for the mailman to make them rich.

Peter Curtis-Gordon

The great chain robbery hits town

Haleybury is a quiet Northern Ontario town (population: 5,000) near North Bay. It sits on the Ontario-Quebec border, but the kind of place where crime pays usually isn't. Until March the community quietly harbored on a chain-letter scam that could be the biggest postal ripoff in the country.

Quite a few people were taken, says Constable Larry Fowler of the Haleybury division of the Ontario Provincial Police.

"But we'll never know how many because nobody would talk. I guess some people were pretty embarrassed." The Haleybury letter was a French language version called The American Lottery. Participants were asked to make two \$500 checks—were to buy the letter another to receive the chain—had they could discover their loss by asking the letter at \$500 per to friends or neighbors. An anonymous phone call to the OPP finally tipped them off to the letter, which advertised a jackpot of \$15,000, a first prize and newspaper \$100 reward and finally, "I just wait at the end of it," says Constable Fowler. But you can get there too, a low red fence in Haleybury.

Prince Igor has no taste.

Prince Igor is vodka.
Pure vodka.
Without a flicker of taste
or colour or scent.
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Jeffrey Beene's crisp, cotton khaki suit and sunshine-splashed top. Creeds



Lightning white skirt with sensuous silk separates from Anne Klein, of Canada

Photo: Jeff Beene

Canada

Who wasn't minding the store

The second week of the new Conservative government could be measured out in telephone messages. By Friday, some 500 of them had been spliced out far from the cookie jar at Jean Pigeot's new quarters in the office of the prime minister. Defeated in the May 22 election, the popular Pigeot—who likes to offer guests a rocking chair—was heralded as the most notable of Joe Clark's second-week creations as his senior adviser on human resources, she will have enormous say on who gets what job as well as which interest groups get to see Clark. With so many future appointments, both in title and in time, being determined by the laughing, grey-haired woman with the bottomless supply of gopher snips, 50-year-old Pigeot becomes, by her own declaration, "the keeper of the gate." And though there are some who will believe the kindly Pigeot promises means it will now take only a knock on the door to have Joe come out to play, they should know he will be well looked after. "Don't be fooled by the lady with the doughnuts," says one insider. "She's tough."

For the most part, Clark was no novice to be seen last week. When he wasn't cluttered with staff or cabinet over administrative problems, he was being briefed for such things as the June 25-26 Tokyo economic summit. For grateful Tories, it was a remarkably quiet time following the bluster and subsequent about-face concerning Clark's campaign promise to move the Canadian embassy in Israel from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem. That act had served both to embarrass the Tories and insure the Liberals, moving into unfamiliar roles as Opposition members. Former finance minister Jean Chrétien even composed a poem for Clark: "For the Big Street Wonder, It's a hell of a blunder."

The high point of Clark's week was geographical rather than political. The cabinet gathered Thursday for a peaceful meeting in a hilltop mansion at Beach Lake in Quebec while a June sun blessed down on them—though Finance Minister John Gosselin and External Affairs Minister Pierre MacDonnell, the two truly hot cabinet members, missed it by being away in Paris for meetings. The work at hand was simply administrative and fairly logistical. "For a short while," said Defence Minister Allan Rock, "I had four offices and



Stevens (above) and Crombie: a few practice runs before leaving the runway



no phone number." The actual running of the country took a back seat to staffing, with Tory consulting firms spreading honey trails across the land in the hope of attracting bright new talent which hadn't thought to leave urgent "please call" messages with Jean Pigeot.

And yet, subtly, the change from Opposition to government was weaving its magic. Treasury Board President Sandra Stevens established an interim civil service during those that had enough leopards in it to solve Canada's 15-per-cent unemployment situation. Sport Minister Steve Patullo was saying Loto Canada funds would indeed help Edmonton, Winnipeg and Quebec City get their arenas ready for the coming professional hockey season, though Clark had suggested during the campaign that would not happen. And Clark himself, in a manner befitting his master's degree in political science, was busy distancing off the time-honored political stance that the previous government screwed things up even more than we thought and we can't possibly live up to our promises.

Backtracking, however, did not seem to dampen the ecstacy of the Clark people. "We've all got the giggles," said Jean Pigeot, between sips. "Everybody's still pinching themselves to make sure they're still here."

But if they are packing, everyone is being careful not to shoot the Texas ex-ager to have the hushed atmosphere of the second event continue into the summer. That all may change this week when new Health and Welfare Minister David Crombie has to decide on what action to take regarding the ride poisoning of an Indian reserve on Ontario's Cornwall Island, but the rest of the party would surely like to avoid the headlines for a while. "We've got to take a few practice runs," said a Clark aide, "before we actually leave the runway." Roy MacGregor

Calgary

True Grit in the wide blue yonder

Although the desert is as far away as a gold inlaid saddle, The Ranchman's in Calgary has long been a favorite watering hole for professional cowboys. But the cowpokes gathering there recently have lost the desire to party over mere fear of their rodeo buds' disapproval in a Piper Cherokee May 29. One night, someone frustrated by the waiting and wondering started to pass around a hat. The hat stirred the fier and returned fire to the brass with \$1,500—money to finance the continuing search for the missing men. That response precipitated the nightclub's staff (which includes two former Calgary Stampede queens) to hold an auction a few nights later. Mementos, including Las Vegas donated their talent and the rodeo cowboys offered to sell their best and brightest belongings—saddles, saddles, silver-mounted bridle, a diamond ring, Lyle Jensen tossed in the gold and silver belt buckle that identifies him as an NFL rodeo champion, and it sold for \$190. Denise Davies contributed a limpy saddle he had won in competition with one of the missing cowboys and it went for \$2,800. By midnight, the auction had raised \$50,000 for the Cowboys Search Fund.

Calgary cowboys were anything but slow in their grief and generosity. During the three weeks after the cowboys vanished on a flight from Salmon, Oregon, to San Francisco, almost \$10,000 poured in from rodeo fans and competitors in small towns and cities across Alberta and Saskatchewan. Meanwhile, cowboys from small places such as Glenora and Carletonville, Strathmore and Sundre, flew and drove to search and rescue headquarters in Midland, Ore., to help comb 30,000 square miles of some of the most rugged country in the United States.



Austin Brunner (left) and Paul Logan, fathers of missing rodeo cowboys, talk to the press.

The cowboys, many flying their own planes, searched hundreds of mountain-side, thousands of canyons and Crater Lake National Park, for a 10,000-foot inactive volcano. The cowboys worked as spotters, day after weary day, in temperatures that hit 39°C outside and 44°C in the canyons of planes. One of several psychics who volunteered their services collapsed from heat prostration and had to be taken to hospital. The psychics were hoping to pick up where the would lead them to the crash site.

The American involved in the search were clearly overwhelmed. "I'm truly amazed at these people," said Major Bernie Bennett, mission co-ordinator for the U.S. Civil Air Patrol. "The plane has been down a long time and most people would have given up by now, but they're determined to stick with it." Inspired perhaps by the Canadian determination, the official search was kept going for 14 days—four days more than any previous search. When the U.S. agency finally called it off, sure, the Major Bennett, stayed on to help Medford commercial pilot Doug Elving looked off work to fly free for the Canadian.

"We're not leaving here till we find something," said Ivan Daines of Inland, adding what the Canadian over-

boys repeated again and again, while they joined up prize money and points at rodeos where they had been scheduled to appear. The missing men—pilot Brian Chapman, 38, of Saskatoon, two-time Canadian bull-riding champion, Lee Coleman, 30, of Pierceland, Sask., whose brother, Mel, is the Canadian saddle-bowling champion, Calvin Benney, 18, of Saskatoon, Alta., and Gary Logan, 25, of Sundre, Alta.—are family to the other rodeo riders. Explained searcher Dale Lowry of Rocky Mountain House: "We're all here because these guys are friends of ours."

Even with the official search ended, up to a dozen planes are still flying daily patrols at an estimated cost of \$4,000 per day. To the awe of those on the ground, the cowboys fly with the same fair ride horses. Dale (Trapper) Trotter has been slow-rolling his plane through mountain peaks to give his spotters a better view of the ground. A former bush pilot, Bill Mayhew, dips low into every canyon, terrifying his observers. Ironically, they've found four previously undiscovered plane wrecks. "If I'm ever down," said a local flyer, "I would want people like these Canadian looking for me." Suzanne Zeeman

Regina

But they know what they like

The Saskatchewan Government Insurance Office, founded in 1945, is proud that in 34 years it has grown to be the second largest domestic insurer in the country. It makes much of the fact that it is owned and operated by the people of Saskatchewan and that it talks about how it has kept money and jobs in the province. But last week, as it celebrated the opening of its handsome new \$17-million, 20-story office tower, clad in reflecting gold and black panes, some of that history provincial panache came home to haunt.

A highlight of the ceremonies was the unveiling of a large sculpture carved out of a five-ton piece of Carrara marble. Depicting a heroic group of men and women at work and titled *Story of Life*. But the group that greeted it reflected wounded sensibilities rather than admiration when it was revealed that the sculptor, as well as his stone, was Italian. It had been commissioned from one Enzo Pasquini of Genoa, Italy, it took four months to complete and cost \$20,000.

"It hasn't been out of me why they went to Italy to have the work done," was the reaction of Rex Gerner, a Regina sculptor and the Saskatchewan

spokesman for Canadian Artists Representation. "If they had any sort of research they could have found a sculptor in Canada."

The work was stoutly defended by Ed Whelan, provincial minister responsible for the insurance company, who declared it "a beautiful piece of art—and because it's so beautiful I'm not worried how people will react."

Along with the creation of its new head office, the government insurance firm is undergoing a change of image, involving a new stylized logo (not far from the shavened title, Saskatchewan Government Insurance) and general streamlining of its company forms and stationery. That assignment also went out of the province, not to Italy but—perhaps even worse—so far off Toronto even worse—so far off Toronto "tasting up a brand and working out a system of communications" for what is a large corporate organization.

Revealing the fact some years ago when Canadian National went for a corporate overhaul to a New York firm (which was then the late Canadian designer Allan Pennell to work up with the now-famous O'Connell, Newton says: "There are still only half a dozen firms in Canada that possess this expertise—but it just doesn't exist yet in Regina, so it didn't in Toronto then."



Whelan (right) and building designer Joseph Pedick admire sculpture, an image change.



overs to Kansas. Resources they go out of the province."

Brewer admitted that five local designers had been approached about creating a new symbol for the opening of the building, "but all of a sudden the rules changed and they needed a corporate logo to program and they pushed and went elsewhere." Which—the conservative bias of the assignment—was probably precisely the point.

For sculptor Pasquini was not around to defend his work, the man responsible for the corporate face-lifting was—Bill Stewart of Stewart Frank Arthur Booth Inc., Toronto. Developing a new corporate identity for SGI will take at least a year and involves much more than coming up with a new logo. Newton calls his firm's assignment "tasting up a brand and working out a system of communications" for what is a large corporate organization.

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Winnipeg

The many who would be king

A Winnipeg's 385,000 eligible voters set off for the polling booths this week to choose a replacement for the late mayor Robert Stein, who died of cancer May 10, they might be forgiven for thinking the ball was inadvertently released by a page from the telephone book. No fewer than 12 official candidates put in their bids for the city's highest elected office. There were 14 hopefuls initially, but two dropped out, believing that the field was a little crowded. Then again, to complicate matters, there were the mayor's mayors and maybe not, such as rodeo belle host Peter Warren and Linda O'Connell, president of the North American Transsexual Society Inc., who publicly agreed with the idea of running but thought better of it. The modest multitude includes five councillors, two former councillors, a chartered accountant who wants more rights for Ukrainians, an unemployed bookkeeper, a defeated NDP candidate, a musician and the founder of the Democratic Reform Party with the ultra-democratic name of Joe Smith.

Clearly leading the field in the final days of the campaign were two lawyers.



Deputy Mayor Bill Norris, 58, who has been acting mayor since March when the 49-year-old Steve was elected, and Joe Zukow, who has held civic office on school boards and city council for the last 38 years. Zukow, 66, mounted a \$30,000 campaign, borrowing heavily from the anti-Establishment approach and literature of Toronto Mayor John Sewell, chartering a campaign bus and distributing 100,000 leaflets. Although running as an independent, demanding more open government and less cluttering in verbal real estate interests in council, Zukow has never denied his Communist leanings. The prospect of a Communist paper in a city trying to attract new investment clearly has the business establishment jittery. Opponent Norris, the slight favorite, is a member of Canada's ruling Independent Citizens' Election Committee and missed the top job by only 1,800 votes in 1977, when four candidates ran.

As Allen Kravetz noted in a recent *Winnipeg Free Press* column, "The temptation is just to say ethnic, accents, religion, no ... either we have a lot of civil-minded officers, or a lot of people with working heads to do than run for mayor."

The apparent sense of civil-mindedness may have something to do with the fact that candidates don't need a deposit to run and only need endorsement by 35 potential voters to enter the race. Not to mention the fact that the mayor's job carries a salary of \$77,489.66 plus more than a few free lunches and a salary class of 0/0.

The candidates' interest, whatever its cause, hasn't been matched by voters, many of whom can't pronounce the candidates' names let alone remember them. In the 1977 election, only 40 per cent bothered to vote and when the Chamber of Commerce last week as-



Norris (left) and Zukow point campaign hats: the business establishment is jittery

aged to get all 12 candidates together for a talk-in, only 60-viewers showed up. Many citizens question the wisdom of spending \$300,000 on an election when only 15 months remain for Stein's successor to fill out his term.

While the great majority of newspapers had its barometer on Stein, there was also a sobering note from Stein, the late mayor's widow, who had to ask the

city's help in paying for her husband's \$3,000 funeral. The late mayor left a modest estate, but an equal amount in unpaid bills, and he had little insurance because of a cancer operation 20 years ago. Ironically, it was Mayor Stein who moved that the city cease paying for coffins/funerals. However, last week it was learned that if city council classifies Stein's funeral a civic responsibility, the provincial cabinet might approve Winnipeg's paying the bill.

Peter Carlyle-Godke

Can the fatheads save Winnipeg?

Bentley had the dream of Armed Forces Winnipegians, lured over Manitoba as weary World War II soldiers, that a hyper-industrialized Winnipeg would be the birthplace of a new battle. Mosquitoes, prime harbingers of summer, are swarming by the millions, swooping about like bats out of hell on late spring-and-early summer. This wild spring produced such breeding sites and Winnipeg has already dipped into its \$675,000 insect-control budget—topping gold courses and back lanes, spraying ditches and ponds. For sleeping, smothering Manitobans, the bloodsucking slaver has replaced the Red River as Public Enemy No. 1. Winnipeg's natural enemy that breeding hordes includes new logging facilities, instead of which is sprayed on ponds to kill the pupae and liquid and granular insecticides that kill larvae.

But a new weapon may soon come into its own: the fathead minnow. It seems the dark grey fathead, which grows to a mere two inches, has a huge appetite for mosquito larvae in laboratory tests. Fatheads

have been observed feeding into 100 larvae a day. Last year, Winnipeg's mosquito abatement department stocked a 15-acre wetland pond at Assiniboine Forest with 2,500 of the larvae-loving fish and, to the delight of research supervisor Joanne Bush, the fatheads survived the harsh winter. Now they are being deployed to determine whether their mosquito appetite in the open, stock-free lake is matched in the wild where other delicacies are also available.

Fatheads could be very useful in permanent bodies of water that act as mosquito breeding grounds, says Bush who admits the pests have already extracted a good quantity of blood from her during field studies. If the minnows can survive the winter, they might eventually be used in about five per cent of our control program. The plan is later to stock water bodies around Winnipeg with the fat-breeding fish. There is very valuable in ditches and ponds that can't be chemically treated because of environmental dangers, says Bush. "Obviously we can't go putting chemicals in water supplies used by cattle, but the fatheads might do the trick."

In California, abatement officers deliber-

Vancouver

'The Courier' also rises

The daily newspaper based on Vancouver's streets have been empty for nearly eight months now in the Pacific Press strike drama on. But suddenly, two challengers have entered the starting gate to try to win the readership prize. First onto the track is Peter Leach, publisher of *The Herald News* magazine, with its 23-page broadsheet, the *Daily News*, starting this week. Following Leach will be *The Courier*, starting July 5. *The Province* and the *Sun* are in the paddock waiting for two of their own striking unions to let them get into the race. Leach, 42, a West Coast man with extensive newspaper background, says his paper, with a real run of 50,000, will be "information without the black-and-white and lots of pictures. We won't think for our readers, just give them straight facts."

However, *Courier* publisher Ralfe Lecky, sporting his favorite maxim, "Make not little plans for they have not the power to move men's minds," is much more ambitious. The 36-year-old advertising copywriter turned newspaper publisher is out to emulate the success of *The Toronto Star* by converting



Photo: G. G. G.

his neighborhood news-weekly *Courier* to a full-blown, six-editions-a-week (skipping Saturdays) morning tabloid. Though Lecky says it is no breath that he's "young after the 18-to-40 age group that doesn't read newspapers," is neither he admits he'll be "head on head" with *The Province*. To which *Province* publisher Philip Sherman sensibly

"Of course, no question, the actual position, 'Make not little plans, they have not the power to move men's minds,' is traditionally attributed to the American author David Graham Barkham (1862-1912)."

"The Courier" president Gordon Byers (left) and Lecky: "power to move men's minds"

retorts, "Once Lecky's taught them to read a newspaper, they'll be ready for a real one and we'll be happy to supply it."

But Sherman may not be able to supply Vancouver's news-starved masses for another few weeks. The joint bargaining council of the Pacific Press unions had recommended a strike settlement to their members. Last week two of the unions turned it down and the likelihood is that there will be further long bargaining sessions which could last throughout the summer, Sherman says optimistically. "We expect to be back shortly, before any other paper goes daily," but some of his workers still prefer the quiet time in the hot weather to the dark corners of the Pacific Press building. However, their strike paper, the three-weekly *Rapport*, which has supported them to date, may fold due to a shortage of newsprint.

The *Courier* has undergone several reorganizations in its 60 years, but once Lecky acquired it in 1975 and amalgamated it with a bankrupt neighborhood paper, it has developed a polished and sophisticated image beyond being just another newsweek. It has been weekly. Whether it will succeed as a daily is a tricky question, but Lecky and his partners are expecting losses for at least a year and believe they can sustain them for longer, if necessary. Unlike the ailing *Edmonton Sun*, which imported most of its editorial and management staff from *Toronto*, the *Courier's* owners are all local and know their market. And as for a strike in *The Courier's* future, Lecky says, "Our production shop is already automated and the Newspaper Guild is welcome to come in any time and take a vote." Paddy Sherman may well relish the thought.

Mark Budge



ately stock pond areas with the small grasshopper fish—another breed of mosquito larva. Also, the persistent can't track black-and-white fatheads, called the fathead. Other heavily-leveraging fish have also been found in the Manitoba ponds including the

bullhead white sucker and yellow perch. They gobble the mosquito larvae but there is a snag: they also tend to bite other body-biting morsels and too often wind up in fishermen's traps.

Peter Carlyle-Godke

A lesson in non-separation

Divided by language and religion, Quebec's superimposed school systems are a glaring symbol—and partial cause—of the sometimes hostile coexistence of its cultural communities. Unlike other Canadian provinces, there exists no nonconsecrated public-school network where youngsters of diverse ethnic and religious backgrounds can learn to live and work together. In Quebec, every school is a separate religious world.

The first crack in the masonry walls of educational apartheid is being pried open by parents in Montreal's ethnically rich parish of Notre-Dame-des-Sœurs who have won their fight for a French primary school without religious designation. Ironically, their successful petition to have the parish's French Catholic primary school converted to a nonsectarian educational center to Catholics, Protestants, Jews and all others has inflamed the wounds of division in his parish bulletin last week, Rev. Marcel LeFebvre pleaded with Catholics to act aside "bitterness



Durand: sole ethnic classroom or moral training

caused by the secularization drive and asked them to accept this first truly public school and its "new challenge living in a pluralistic society."

The local clergy's support for revocation of the school's Catholic status contrasts with that of the church hierarchy which is charging directly into secular politics in a way unseen since church and state took their distances from each other during the 1960s. Quebec's Montreal Archbishop Paul Giguère publicly declared "Catholic parents bear the duty toward their children to Catholic schools." The archbishop also protested the loss of a Catholic school during a private audience with Education Minister Jacques-Yvan Blais.

Not surprisingly, Liberal Opposition leader and former Catholic Charles Ryan brought the issue into the National Assembly, when he supported the archbishop's claim that parents were not adequately informed of the issue before they requested "declassification" of the Notre-Dame-des-Sœurs school.

Significantly, the declassification move is led by a Catholic theology professor, Guy Durand of the Université de Montréal, and even with its new nonreligious status little will change in the daily school life of Notre-Dame-des-Sœurs' 329 pupils. Catholic classes will still be available for those who want them, while others will study "moral training" instead, an option already chosen by 38 per cent of the students, who were exempted from compulsory religious instruction this past year at the request of their parents.

At stake is less the matter of religious indoctrination than the survival of the church's remaining secular authority in a society still torn by its estrangement in the 1960s of the Quebec Catholic school community, which ignored the archbishop and sided with parents, the Notre-Dame-des-Sœurs incident is "a volcano whose eruption is merely the local expression of a larger underground phenomenon which should not be compromised but controlled."

Paul de Rivière

Let your fingers do the hating

The neo-Nazi Western Guard has worked away for years at intimidating hatred in Toronto. These hangers are Jews, blacks, Muslims and anyone in the left of Al Qaida. Their weapons have been hate literature, mail signs and recorded telephone messages—although on occasion they have gone further. Only last year their leader, David Andrews, and a follower, David Zastavichy, were charged for possession of explosives, conspiring to set fire to a house owned by a Marxist, planting walkie-talkies on buildings and smashing windows. But for the most part, especially in their attempts to spread hate messages, they have been protected by laws intended to defend freedom of speech.

Last week, however, in a crowded public conference in Toronto, the current leader of the Western Guard, John Ross Taylor, a balding and middle-aged man, appeared before an inquest of the Canadian Human Rights Commission after it was alleged by the Toronto District Council and the Canadian Holocaust Remembrance Association, among others, that the Western Guard had violated Section 13 of



Taylor: propaganda reborned by Hitler

the Human Rights Act. The section says it is discriminatory to communicate by telephone any matter that is likely to expose a person or persons to hatred or contempt. The act is new and this was the first such inquest of its kind in Canada. It is a hard statute that the tape-recorded telephone interviews are held in secret, the inquest could order the Western Guard to cease and desist.

Warren Grant

The number of anti-semitic letters can turn in on the "white power" messages has been listed in the Toronto telephone book since 1973. Last week, while the four-day hearing was in progress, the Western Guard's tape recorder was set spinning out such ramblings as "Nazism ised words to the effect: Don't wake up China, she's a sleeping giant." The Western Guard says when Ayman al-Zawahiri, the chief leader of the top target, the discredited Bangladesh system with a vigor and intensity that will not diminish as the planet moves to certain end periods and the conditions that breed moral perils.

Following the trial before the inquest, Taylor stirred passages from books supporting his views and said that "the so-called business" and other Nazi atrocities are mere fabrications. Showing a book on the desk he showed "We've had no end of propaganda about the Holocaust." Heed-John Hensley, an expert in conspiracy theories from the University of Ottawa, testified that an analysis of the taped messages showed that almost all the themes and topics of the Western Guard party messages, particularly fit within the structure, framework, as well as the main ideological elements of the Nazi propaganda in which, said by Hensley, the Western Guard was reborn.

The mossers that roared

As a tourist straggled off his invisible—a fisherman's family taking in a harvest of Irish moss on the famous red sand beaches of Prince Edward Island. It's hard not to, particularly the way most of the crop has been gathered, leaving behind about the sea bottom from lobster boats in haul in this very special kind of seaweed which provides primary income to some 1,000 fishermen there and in the other Maritime provinces. It adds up to serious business, not only for them but also for the manufacturers of everything from cream to pudding, macaroni, cosmetics and drugs, who use the writhing powder extracted from the dried seaweed as a gelling agent and stabilizer called carrageenan. So the effect was just the opposite, sending shivers through several industries, when "mossers" in P.E.I. last week began to boycott buyers on the docks just as the harvest season for Irish moss began.

The fishermen's demands are simple: they want a cent more per pound of wet moss from the buyers. In 1977, the price was 14 cents per pound which was upped last year, after a one-week boycott by P.E.I. mossers, to six cents a pound. But so far this year the processing companies are refusing serious increase.

Small Coast fishermen last year harvested and sold 30,000 tons of Irish moss, a 34-million ton. The four companies that buy the seaweed are all multinational corporations—P.E.I. Seaweed Ltd., a subsidiary of Limer Industries of Denmark; Greco Products, which is a subsidiary of a US multinational called Hercules; Marine Colloid Ltd., owned by the U.S.-based FMC Corp.; and Shaffler Chemicals, another U.S. firm.

The fishermen's strike or boycott might seem oddly selective, even belated, by labor union standards elsewhere. The inland mossers are refusing to sell to only one firm, P.E.I. Seaweed, and still sell to the other three—and even that boycott is not nearly complete because not all of the fishermen support the P.E.I. Fishermen's Association, which organized the action. The association is counting on the domino effect to bring the other firms into line. If P.E.I. Seaweed wants to buy all the seaweed it needs it will have to up the price to seven cents a pound, and if the others then want to keep P.E.I. Seaweed from getting it all they will have to follow suit. The boycott is so far being applied only to the one province, but P.E.I. pro-

ducers will cry the cry and tend to set prices for the Maritime.

Don Landry, managing director of the fishermen's association, sees the boycott's end goal not as much as price raising as consciousness raising—to get more fishermen working together in a more powerful control of the industry. His concern is that the jobs and money generated in processing the Irish moss to produce the carrageenan go off the island, either to plants in the U.S. or Denmark. Thus the fishermen collect six cents a pound for wet moss while the finished product (it takes 18 pounds of the wet moss to produce one pound of

carrageenan) brings \$5. Landry wants to see a processing plant started on the island, perhaps by the fishermen's co-op.

Not too propitious for such a venture as the fact that, beyond the north, the Irish moss harvest has been devastating in recent years, even in P.E.I. and in Nova Scotia, the fishermen's association voted to ask Fisheries Canada to close down harvesting for two weeks to allow the seaweed to renew itself. Synthetic may yet have to take the place of one of nature's most useful additives for food and other needed products.

Steve Sawcuk

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Love, pain and the whole trade thing

A love affair on this one barely reached the honeymoon stage. Business and the new Clark government, each trying with the idea of territorial renouveau earlier this month, have already had a falling out. Last week, with his telephone in a constant state of white heat, Robert de Cotret, minister of economic development and trade, became the focus for a nervous business parade to Parliament Hill. At issue was Prime Minister Joe Clark's campaign promise to move the Canadian embassy in Israel from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem, a policy vehemently opposed by 31 Arab and Moslem nations. As word spread throughout the week that present and future contracts with the Middle East were in jeopardy, about 30 business organizations and companies demanded time with de Cotret as Prime Minister Clark agreed to consider a fast-tracking mission to the Middle East. The business lobby list was kept neatly anonymous as de Cotret tried to cool the controversy. A spokesman said the problem was not his own concern, but it was "certainly high on the priority list."

Clark's campaign promise to move the embassy had been greeted with joy by Israel because it meant recognition of Jerusalem as the capital of Israel. Arab nations, however, saw the move as Ottawa's acceptance of Israel's unilateral annexation of the territories seized at the start of the 1967 Six-Day War.

In Paris, the controversy caused Cassecker Ltd. to hold its breath as it showed off its Challenge (see page 22) and Vice President for Corporate Planning Herve Wolford. "If the embassy were moved to Jerusalem, there would be an effect—but I wouldn't want to measure how much it would be." In Canada, several specific contracts were named as potential targets for Arab pressure. They include Bell Canada's \$1.1-billion contract, now in its second year, to modernize and maintain the telephone system of Saudi Arabia, an \$85-million contract under negotiation between Canadian Westinghouse Ltd. of Hamilton, Ont. and Libya. While an official trouble has been heard by either company, such a worried Bell Director of Information David Orr. "If they construed they were being threatened [by the move], they would take



De Cotret kept and CEA's Byrne with a Westinghouse presentation the meeting gains

offsetting action. It's a very large contract, if they want to make an impact, it could be one of the areas." Westinghouse learned about possible problems when a reporter talked to President Frank Tynack. "If what you say is true," Tynack told him, "it sounds as if the deal is off." By week's end, Westinghouse was still out there about the status of the negotiations which have been under way for 18 months. The \$55-million contract is for three gas turbine generators and other electrical equipment for the Beni Irrigation project, where 300 wells will bring water up from 600 feet below the Libyan desert, for barley, hay, millet and wheat crops. The negotiations follow a similar \$45-million contract Westinghouse signed in 1979.

Canadian exports of goods and services to Arab countries—including Iraq



and Arab nations in north Africa and the Middle East—were about \$1.3 billion last year (total value of goods exported was \$50 billion), according to Tom Birra, president of the Canadian Export Association. He also estimates that up to 80,000 man-years of work in Canada are at risk "Canada," he says,

"has carefully and usefully built a reputation over the years for being even-handed. That reputation will get a bit tarnished if the government decides to move the embassy." It is a move that now appears as if it will come under much closer study than Clark may have had in mind when he said at his June 5 news conference. "These questions are now beyond discussion as to their appropriateness." A fast-tracking and goodwill mission, perhaps under the department of external affairs, is the result of an Arab League request last week in the words of Abdullah Abdullah of the Arab Information Centre in Ottawa, such a trip could "improve or even help repair the damage which has already been done." De Cotret, wearing a casual sweater and shirt for the cabinet meeting Thursday at Meach Lake in the Gatineau, is quick to point out, however, that Canadian trade with Arab nations has, so far, not suffered. "We don't want to see them turned off," said a trade department spokesman. "We would hope there would be some sort of political compromise." As with any early warning, the mating game has turned, for a time, into a waiting game. □

Giving them back some of their own

A giveaway scheme, it was a newsworthy success. But the early move for R.C. Premier Bill Bennett's pre-election promise to return the province's resources to its people remains a modest one. Says David Hellmell, chief executive officer of the British Columbia Resources Investment Corp. (BRIC): "You could describe me as one of the dullest people in the world." But diligence, after all, is often in the ear of the beholder. An acquaintance describes him in other terms: "He's passionately argue, with a right to be so in his field in high regard by many people, but he holds himself to even higher regard."

Last week, as the application deadline passed for the five first Arctic shares available just for the asking to every B.C. resident who is a Canadian citizen, Hellmell had arranged \$7 million in freebies for more than 79 per cent of the province's 3.6 million eligible residents and sold an additional 15 million shares to R.C. residents at \$6 each.

At \$3, the 1986 complete mining value-added scheme predicted future value in this privatization of provincial resources, but BRIC is a steady collector of R.C. corporations worth about \$75 million. Assets include 81 per cent of pulp and paper producer Canadian Cellulose Co. Ltd., 100 per cent of lumber producers Kootenay Forest Products

Doing soft time



McKinnon and lawyer David Humphrey, each prison terms was equivalent to 10 years

You could almost hear the collective deep breaths being taken in the courtroom as the trial of the two men began. As Canada's longest jury trial moved to another stage last week, even as Ontario Superior Court Associate Chief Justice William Parker handed out the largest fine ever levied against Canadian corporations and the first-ever convictions of business executives along with their companies for fraud conspiracy, the appeals were being heard. Going "softly as a whole," as veteran Mr. Justice Parker sentenced five businessmen to jail for up to five years each and assessed heavy fines.

Found guilty last month after a 16-month trial and sentenced last week on charges of fraud conspiracy in a dividing industry ad-punching system was Harold McKinnon, 45, former president and chairman of McKinnon Corp. to five years and the late David 62, president of Sydney Charles Cooper Ltd. former president of Pitts Engineering Construction Ltd. to three years with that fine and a C. A. Pitts General Contracting Ltd. at Kamloops, B.C. \$1,650,000.

Jean Gervais, former vice president of Marine Industries Ltd. 57, 61, lived in La-Croix, Quebec. To three years and the company (now owned by the Quebec government) \$500,000. Frank Hume, 52, and Albert G. 48, president and former vice president respectively of Siroville Designing Ltd. who each received two years less a day with that fine and \$450,000. J. P. Porter Co. Ltd. and Canadian Oilfield and Dock Co. "Verdicts rendered complete last week \$100,000. Several other firms, including Industrial Ltd., Alcan Inc., Beaver Resources Co. Ltd. and St. Lawrence Paper Ltd., last year \$100,000. All in the same industry.

Lit were each fined \$1 million and Piche Ltd. Designing Corp. was fined \$500,000. Crown Prosecutor Rodnick McLeod, although the federal government and the province of Ontario had been deluged of \$5 million, had asked for prison terms of nine to 12 years for McKinnon, Cooper and linked with corporate fines up to \$40 million. Mr. Justice Parker disagreed, however, saying that such prison terms far exceed the age of the accused were equivalent to life. "A jail sentence is a mark of the age McKinnon," he said. "So more strictly than it would be for a younger man, and I take that into consideration." In assessing them, he noted the extra cost to the two governments when bills were filed by companies to firms would be extra money for profits to other companies which are expected not to be.

The findings occurred from the mid-1960s to the early 1970s and was announced during Royal Canadian Mounted Police investigations into bribery paid to Hamilton Harbour Development Corporation Ltd. In pronouncing sentence, Mr. Justice Parker called the crime serious, gross but had to be dealt with severely. He added: "This was not just costly, but that a part of the penalty it must be remembered that the public was defrauded and led to great expense putting you on trial. But by the end of the same day the five were free on bail ranging as high as \$200,000, with the hearing on the appeals not expected to proceed for up to a year. It appears that the expense on all sides, continues.

compensation
to prevent or reduce
competition.

Lod and Phoenix Mills Ltd., 30 per cent of natural gas pipeline company, Westcoast Transmission Co. Ltd., as well as a license to explore for gas and oil on 2.5 million acres of Crown land in northwestern B.C. That license, admits Halliwell, is the one that gives the "grab bag some stick."

It's a grab bag originally assembled for different purposes by former VTC president Dave Barrett, who protests the giveaway by saying: "They're going to give the people what they already own." Not so, says Halliwell, maintaining there is a difference between an indirect and nontransferable collective title and a direct and negotiable form of ownership. It is as negotiable, claims Premier Bennett, that the world will now heat down B.C. donors trying to purchase shares. "They're going to try to stick-bait you into selling," says Bennett. "I advise everyone to buy what they can and don't sell." Government ownership in 1984 had been reduced from 100 per cent to approximately 30 per cent, insisting that Barrett and the others on the board had been-though statement be made when Canadian Pacific Investments Ltd. was chasing B.C.-based MacMillan Bloedel Ltd. (British Columbia is not for sale.)



DAVE BARRETT

The only way someone from outside B.C. can buy shares in the province's current B.C. incident is to sell. "I can't visualize any more shares ever being issued," says Halliwell of the experiment which

David Barrett of KBC: "They're going to try to stick-bait you into selling."

is being closely watched by the new government in Ottawa. During the recent federal election campaign, Halliwell was pressed about B.C. for an hour over lunch by Joe Clark, who had one eye on his own province to dislodge Pierre Trudeau, the federal government of agency. Bennett's Social Credit party, members of which seem about as big-money philosophers as the past, have fast-tracked that misadventured concept. That, coupled with B.C.'s Halliwell, former president of Steel Brothers Canada Ltd., has made a success of this new version of an old theme. "Where else," asks Stephens Rogers, the legislature's deputy speaker, "could you find a man of his abilities prepared to take the role of being president of a publicly owned company?" Halliwell, for whose happiness is a lengthy discussion on the over-expansion of the money supply, thinks it's far more simple. "It is," he says, "the most exciting thing I've ever done." With the \$900 million generated by the issue (which to be spent, the commitment has only just begun. Bill Leveson



Challenger on trials in Pacific needed vessel to a sovereign state on the tarmac

has a good seller. "Another participant in the show," says Halliwell, "Air Force of Canada Ltd. completed a contract in Paris for three 40-40 50-passenger short-haul off-shore landing (tarmac) Dash 7s. The buyer was Aljente, the airline of South Vietnam, which paid an estimated \$13 million."

The Challenger needed seat to a sovereign state on the tarmac between a U.S. F-15 Eagle and a de Havilland Transponder 760 (a 50-passenger short-haul off-shore landing (tarmac) Dash 7). The buyer was Aljente, the airline of South Vietnam, which paid an estimated \$13 million.

ber, where telephone for conversations with the pilot and 72 inches of headroom. At \$50 million each plus exterior fittings, the wide-body business jet can seat 56, at 100, through the usual configuration of 12 to 15 Challenger, purchased by the federal government in 1976 for \$25 million. Two years employment grew from 1,400 in 1975 to 5,500 today and is projected for final delivery in December after certification tests are completed in California's Mojave Desert. Two years from drawing board to flight, the Challenger is doubling both the U.S. and French government-backed. Halliwell, 60, "We look on the competition," says Robinson, "and we're managed to give them a run for the money."

David James/William Devell

Sports Column

When the threadbare attended the barons it was the Rape of Four Cities

By Trent Frayne

Once when the world was younger, Harold Ballard, the kindly proprietor of Maple Leaf Gardens, allowed the Toronto Toros, of the recently formed World Hockey Association, to play their home games on his money (he paid). Allowed in the operative word, here kindly Harold took everything from wide-eyed Toros owner Johnny F. Bazzani except the bone chips in his weekly knees. This included the food revenues, a piece of the television revenues and a surprising amount of meat.

On the night in 1974 when the Toros made their debut, Harold's big blue eyes peered at the Toros bench when the arena was for the opening face-off. Harold's big blue eyes narrowed, observing the apes poking their behinds on a long, rectangular, inch-thick cushion covering the wooden bench where Harold's Maple Leafs sat for their home games. When Harold saw the Toros there, he instantly dispatched a uniformed orderly to snatch the elongated pillow down from the Toros' posterior.

"Let 'em just give their backsides to their own cushion," Harold chuckled later. The incident will prove critical at the corners of Harold's big blue eyes.

The incident also illustrates the attitude of National Hockey League owners last week in Montreal in welcoming the Edmonton Oilers, the Winnipeg Jets, the Quebec Nordiques and the Hartford Whalers to the NHL. You might call it the Rape of Four Cities. The new owners paid millions to get in, and their charming new partners rewarded them with all the steam they could carry off in a puff. First they stripped their linings of most persons deemed worth anything considerable on entering the arenas, and then they permitted them to draft old crooks and young jocks that NHL teams deemed to be disposable.

"Let us not kid ourselves," brooded Howard Baldwin, the Wha's last general manager and 13-per-cent shareholder of the Hartford arena. "Of the 16 players the Whalers drafted, seven were pulled be-

cause they stand a chance of helping our club. The rest are basically garbage, cannon fodder. We drafted players with low salaries so as not to burden ourselves any further."

Chances are, since few players of stature were exposed by the teams, that the four newcomers will require years to build corresponding teams, and in the meantime, of course, the greatest losses will be the fans who will have to pay to watch these teams groping for respectability (or stay sane—a choice well worth considering). This applies



not only to the fans in the rapid cities but those in the 17 established outposts who now get their views from the four newcomers at the expense of eight from Boston, Montreal and the two New York counterparts. And still coming in, not to forget, new such drugs as the St. Louis Blues, the Colorado Rockies and similar newcomers.

Men's intransigence to men's sports whenever old owners get an opportunity to sell new owners. Ballard did it when the Toronto Blue Jays and the Seattle Mariners were tagged loose from \$7 million each for the joy of joining the American League. The newcomers were saddled with players whose future was behind them, an over-the-hill man the doom at owners were delighted to get real money for. In that expansion draft book in November, 1976, established teams presented 15 of their top players and then they were allowed to protect three more from any one unprotected player was drafted.

That meant that the Blue Jays and



Mariners chucked out of the talent (but not very far) by being allowed to claim the 19th, 20th, 24th, 25th and 27th picks as the established "core" teams, half of them as 10-inning that they were in the minors.

What this policy subsequently has done is drive the fans in the down established cities away from the ballpark when Toronto or Seattle come from the dugout. Who in hell can blame 'em? Why would the customers in California

want to watch their Angels play the Mariners? Are the fans in Fresno? Park promised dumb enough to pay to do so on bad seats while the Red Sox purchased the Blue Jays until 1987? Not to mind numbers they're not.

In hockey, expansion was once the worst word on an NHL owner's tongue. Every time a new owner joined the group, \$10 million in 1967 and \$6 million thereafter was split up by the members. Talk about a golden goose, there was simply no call to this bird's charm. The owners welcomed six new clubs in 1967, two more in 1970, another pair in 1972 and yet another two in 1974—a total of \$48 million in expansion fees. But it didn't work. The NHL won an 18-team league for four seasons and is that upon the attendance dropped by nearly a million people—from 9,587,528 in '74 to 8,586,661 in '76—and two cities, Oakland and Cleveland, broke out.

In those other years the owners tossed a tiny libel to the new partners, permitting them to draft junior players before they did. Thus, Ballard could bag his franchise on the drafting Gilbert Perreault in 1974, placing him from Montreal's Junior Canadiens, and the New York Islanders could launch an empire by selecting the best junior in Canada in 1973, Denis Potvin of the Ottawa 67's.

But, also, the owners have learned their lesson. Most August, when the NHL drafts the top junior players of 1876, guess who picks 19th, 18th, 26th and 25th?

Aw, you picked.

Since the opening of *Mia Mayne's* first movie, *Waking*, co-starring *Kathryn Merson*, the 30-year-old Canadian star is clearly ramping—but even his scenes of renegades, agents and lawyers has not managed to rouse him. “The last few months of my life have been the hardest,” says Merson, who plays a Native sheriff in the last-infused thriller. “After six months in Los Angeles, I lost my mind—and I was there for seven.” Already compared to such dark-eyed superstars as *Robert De Niro* and *Al Pacino*, Merson isn’t offing away his time waiting for all the *Nightwing* returns to come in. He’s in Quebec City, wrapping up his second flick, *Death Ship*, in which he plays an expunged playboy, with *Kate Nale*. “It’s a break from the swamp of Los Angeles,” says Merson. “Bringing here is a breath of fresh air.”

With ABC-TV’s Barbara Walters interviewing Canada’s prime minister only four days after he assumed office, *Joe Clark* wanted to the ranks of global celebrities such as *Anwar Sadat*, *Barbra Streisand* and *George Burns*—all of whom have been mentioned by the \$1-million-per-year librating lady. Walters was granted the first personal interview with the PM since he took office. “Way was an American journalist gives the heart?” As one of our poets said about why he was asked [to] climb a mountain, because the mountains were there,” Clark told her. “You’re here.”

Clark and Walters, “because you’re here”



Despite Walters’ prying, the one-hour discussion revealed little about Clark’s personality—the “professional politician,” as he called himself, turned aside such questions as, “You have been described again and again as, oh dear, bland, awkward. They say you bump your head when you walk. How would you describe yourself?” Clark preferred to describe his victory.

Even since his bronze medal performance at the 1976 Olympics, *Todd Cronston* has been called the “Eurythmics” of the blades.” His high-tech

Merson and Harold out of the swamp

bliffing was raised another notch in Paris last spring where 30,000 posters he had designed lined the Métro protecting him in a hiding on his show. “I swore I’d say until I dropped,” says Cronston, now 33, who performed an embarrassing 15 shows a week for 24 months. Regularly frantic off the ice, he spent some of his spare time collaborating with experimental film-maker *Francis Ross* on a film which also featured *Rudolf Nureyev* and 93-year-old pianist *Arthur Schnabel*, one of the skater’s idols. He also managed to complete 58 sketches of barefoot skaters, which sold out this month at the Toronto gallery of his skating coach and creative mentor, *Ellen Kras*. “I can’t stand to be in a position where I’m not creating,” says Cronston, who is taking a few weeks off to rest up before heading to Japan to skate for 10 weeks. “While I have a bit of time, I’ll be working on my new script. It’s sort of *The Turning Point* on ice, about the behind-the-scenes struggles of international figure-skating competitions.” Feeling his age, Cronston wants to finish the script soon so that, he can play the starring role.

Such *Francis Ford Coppola* learned something about self-exploitation after losing her tummy mass and fanning her teeth through more than 100 TV commercials and 13 episodes of *Charlie’s Angels*—not to mention becoming the icon of an age with her red-on-black poster. But when the 32-year-old senior symbol let it be known around Hollywood that she wanted to “set the record straight” in a screenplay about her

marriage to *The Million Dollar Man* (*Lee Majors*) for a fraction of the cost of building a house, being, nobody but. You’re only as good as your last picture, runs the adage, and in *Pariah*’s case, her grating *Jeopardy* *Killed Her* husband could not save it from self-destruction. Though *Pariah*’s humor and dolls have had to make way for the likes of *Clay A. Ladd*, *Francis Ford Coppola* nevertheless plans to re-direct her image by starring with *Robert De Niro* in *Straw Dogs*—a subject about which she still has a lot to learn.

Although it has been 42 years since *Leon Turner* was “discovered” in

Winters about energy on *Toronto Island*



Schwarz’s drugstore, appearing actresses will be happy to hear that overnight success is still possible. When French Canadian film-maker *Francis Ford Coppola* came across a picture of model *S. B. Walters* in the March 30 issue of *Modest*, he says, he was struck by her “other energy and natural look.” He then tracked her to a Toronto coffee shop and, as help him find, said, “Just give me 15 minutes and I’ll change your life.” Winters found herself in Los Angeles the following day being screened for *Toronto Island*. Winning the lead part with no acting experience, the 20-year-old former *Dennis Matthews* of *Nagasaki Falls*, Ontario, will be off to Puerto Rico this week to begin filming the beauty-and-the-beast story. While

in Hollywood, she begged an invitation to the Academy Awards presentation — and was promptly offered the lead in *Peter Sarsgaard*’s upcoming picture, *Johns and the Magicians*. Moreover, she has just cut a disco record and will be featured in a writer-director of *Playboy* *How does all that feel?* “It’s a long way from *Nagasaki Falls*.”

The key banking in the *Red* market in *Aberfeldy*, Ontario, were looked familiar —. With now, wasn’t that *Paul Stanley*, star of *Don Shalby*’s classic *Good Love* the *Don*? Yes—not that he had fallen on hard times. The 28-year-old actor was an on-the-job training for a part in *Last Chance at the Maple Leaf*, a country-music drama which has just begun a mass-Corpus tour. The *King* winner portrays a Canadian singer at the 1974 alongside champion. *Edgar Graham* *Tommy*’s filling the roles of country folk in a coming new for *Bradley*—in real life he has been an Alberta rancher (“before he was and how could he”) and an organizer on the unsuccessful *Great Canadian* *Wagon Train*. This time around *Brad-*



Bradley looking his pitch for the stage

ley shows off his carry skills by running a sharp knife over his wrists and throat while he speaks—a trick he learned from an uncle 20 years ago. “He didn’t leave me a cushion or lead,” says Bradley, “but he taught me a professional pitch.”

Soon, apart from a sweetest sold *White House*, the only building around to remind Americans of *Richard Nixon* will be the *Watergate Hotel*. Last week, any possibility of preserving the former president’s estate, in the traditions of other American leaders’ homes, ended when the *Key* *Mayaguez* estate was bulldozed under. (Nixon sold his San Clemente property last May.) *Forrest* *Greene*, one owner of *Nixon’s* Florida digs, decided the richer modern bungalow should be replaced with a \$1-million mansion. While *Nixon’s* neighbor *John F. Kennedy* may not be entirely happy with all the clutter sent down, other Key residents are looking forward to the change. “People are happy that they’re getting a better property,” remarked the duchess *Frances* as 45 trucks carted the building’s remains to the local dump. In fact, the only savings of *Shawn’s* company will be some bookshelves saved for the new house’s study. And while *Nixon* has at least profited by the loss of his two houses, *Willy Carter* may not be so lucky. President *Jimmy*’s brother has been ordered either to keep up with his payments or risk losing his \$35,000 house in *Georgia*.

Edited by George Borke

A metaphor for his time

"His name was J.B. Books," says the voice-over of Ron Howard, introducing *The Shooter*. His name was also The Ringo Kid and Rooster Cogburn, Elton Edwards and John T. Chance, Hands Lane and Jake McGardies, Tom Dunson and Tom Doniphon, Captain Mills, Captain Brittle and Sergeant Stryker. Also The Last American Hero. And when he died last week of cancer at 72, John Wayne took his era with him. For 46 years he had stood as a metaphor for his time and place, his virtue, swaggering, incoherently articulate, a dangerous giant with the heart of a child. He was the last outpost of that primitive civilization that began with the revolution of 1776 and took to its deathbed in the late '60s. Wayne had outlived his beloved country, the America that settled things with a punch in the mouth and a shot from the hip, the America he had done so much to create and the only America he understood. And he died the way he saw that America die, betrayed from within.

"You have a career—advanced," Dee Hasterler (Darius Stewart) informs John Bernard Books (Wayne in his last role, in *The Shooter*, in 1976).

"Can't you cut it out, doc?"
"I'd have to put you like a fish."
"What are you tryin' to tell me in...?"
Stewart nods.

"You told me I was starin' as an ox."
"Even an ox dies."

They parted John Wayne (like a fish in January, 1959, hauled out his cancerous stomach, attached his intestine to his

esophagus, and sewed him back up. The apologetic hospital administrator announced that he was in remarkably good shape and was wanting to do things. But even so, no dies.

There are not many people left who can recall a world without John Wayne. Marlon Brando's Harrison was an unknown when director Raoul Walsh took a chance on casting him as the lead in *The Big Trail* in 1930. Thereafter, he teled in small-budget B, C, and D westerns.

Faces of the Duke in (left to right) "The Dark Continent" (1940), "True Grit" (1969) and the death scene in "The Shooter" (1976): a smile and a no-gun



terns for nearly a decade. Then came *Stagecoach* and the star that would never go out.

Maybe he made 150-odd movies, or maybe it was 200-odd. Maybe they grossed over \$750 million, or maybe it was only \$400 million. No matter. Even with the lowest figure, Wayne was easily the biggest box-office attraction of all time. From 1939 the year he had five major movies (*Pacific Gunfighter*, *The Fighting Kentuckian*, *She Wore a Yellow Ribbon*, *Wagon Train* and *Destiny of Two Souls*), until 1976, Wayne dropped out of the top-10 list only three times.

And while it was generally fashion-

able to conclude that Wayne couldn't act, even after he won his Oscar for *True Grit* in 1969, there has been evidence to the contrary, dating as far back as *The Long Voyage Home* in 1940 through *Red River*, *The Searchers*, and *The Man Who Shot Liberty Bells* right on up to *The Shootist*. Even Warner Bros.' director Jean-Luc Godard would ask rhetorically how he could "hate" John Wayne appearing Goldwater, and love him tenderly when abruptly he takes Natalie Wood into his arms in the next-to-last reel of *The Searchers*.

Wayne did worse than support Goldwater. He went to the 1964 Republican convention to vote for Joseph McCarthy. He led, in no small way, the Hollywood witch-hunts of the late '40s and early '50s. He was the right-wing crony's right-wing crony. But when Larry Parks (*The Jesus Christ*) recanted his Communist affiliation, it was Duke Wayne who stood up for him. Duke Wayne alone.

That was his code, the Code of the West, made and increasingly less realistic but *his*—and that of just about every character he ever played. "I won't be swayed, I won't be swayed and I won't have a hand laid on me," says John Bernard Books, aka John Wayne. "I don't do these things to other people and I require the same of them." And the real John Wayne didn't die last week. He died with *The Shooter*'s J.B. Books and his code, on the floor of a saloon in Carson City, Nevada, on Jan. 26, 1980. He left three dead men who foolishly thought they could take a nuke, fired, 70-year-old legend in a pinlight, but he never figured on the bartender shooting him in the back. He died with a smile on his face and a no-gun in his hand. Just the way it should have been.

John Guilt



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World Brezhnev's buddy visits Vienna

HIS 67, has a ready smile and wears the kind of floppy hats that make it clear that, unlike other members of the Kremlin's elite, he does not go to Warsaw to have his clothes tailored. But while the cameras of the world's TV networks were tracking President Jimmy Carter and Leonid Brezhnev from one tourist spaghetti scene to another in old Vienna during the weekend, the cooler apparition eyes of the diplomats and the wary gaze of Western intelligence experts were following Kseniia Chernenko, the man who many think could soon steal out of Brezhnev's shadow, where he has spent the past 20 or so years, into the limelight as his successor.

As much as the SALT II (strategic arms limitation talks) agreement which the two presidents had come to sign, as much as the topic of troop reductions in the European theatre, it was the presence of Chernenko—fully white hair as prominent as the well-known coiffure of veteran Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko at all the important occasions—which suggested the Viennese gossip's interest.

A longtime buddy of the Soviet leader, he worked with Brezhnev in the early 1950s in the tricky job of surviving

Center and Brezhnev in a pioneering handshake next, SALT II in the '80s

the speculation game, managing his duties in such a way as to control key decisions.

Until recently he was regarded as only one of several possible successors to Brezhnev, for whom the signing of the SALT agreement is likely to be a final appearance on the international stage. Usher seems estimated for the succession were those of Andrei Kirilenko, 72, the politburo's industry specialist, and Moscow's Communist party chief Viktor Grishin. But Chernenko's presence in Vienna was being interpreted as a sign that his aging patron, Brezhnev, wished him to have a chance to see and be seen at the summit—the highest level of diplomacy.

Meanwhile the Austrian hosts were quick to note that, at 64, Carter looked as if he were wearing scarcely better than the 72-year-old Brezhnev. And after the Soviet leader had been a wreath at the Soviet monument, he was thought to be a shade shod on points—despite Carter's 45-minute jog around the 12.5-kilometer track.

Where they were in the negotiations, however, was less clear. While SALT II seemed in the bag, there appeared to be no meeting of minds on the Soviet leader's publicly aired suggestion that he would withdraw 60,000 troops from Eastern Europe if the Americans would pull out 32,000 of theirs from the West. This was something that had already been suggested privately during the seven-year-old SALT (strategic and balanced force reduction) talks between the Warsaw Pact and NATO nations. Nor was there much common ground over the Middle East (the Soviet Union still wants to get top level talks resumed in Geneva) except that both sides are worried about Iraq, where Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini has been saying lately that he is prepared to send missionaries to subvert the leadership of the sheikdom of Mecca in the Soviet Union.

Another bone of contention was the U.S. relations with China, and nothing that Carter and seemed likely to persuade Brezhnev that the thaw between Washington and Peking marked anything but a few blows at distant in general and Moscow in particular. Despite this, however, there were solid hopes that the groundwork might be laid for SALT III, which it is hoped may one day (probably the mid-1980s) bring about an actual reduction in force, rather than mere limitations of the nuclear arsenal both sides possess. That, however, is a subject which, all things considered, is more likely to preoccupy Chernenko, or whoever becomes Soviet leader, than Brezhnev.

See Masterman/William Lowder



'A big one for mankind'

Lance Good might not have understood Los Angeles as engaged an aircraft carrier. But the pioneer visitor would have appreciated the achievement that last week put 26-year-old Canadian Bryan Allen into the history books. Pedaling at 75 r.p.m. in a bicycle-powered craft called Goodspeed's *Albatross* with a 166-lb. man, with him and a 200-lb. Allen became the first to make a man-powered flight across the Channel from England to France.

In landing safely at Cap d'Antenne, Allen had won the \$240,000 prize offered by British industrialist Henry Knox for such a feat. It was the latest in a long line of prizes starting with the \$2,400 which the London Daily Mail awarded Lindbergh for his 36-hour flight from Berck-sur-Meuse near Celles to the Dover cliffs.

Allen nearly did not get off the ground. On his last attempt at Falmouth, Kent, Goodspeed's *Albatross* hit a rut and bogged off its plywood wing. But the second time the professional cyclist, who wears thickened gloves and tips the scale at three times the weight of his 55-pound craft, was able to get going. Strong gusts from the wings and his powerful pedaling drove the 200-lb. craft along, cycling shoes and wheels he pushed along at speeds 10 knots and an average height of only 10 feet.

Altogether Allen believes warranted almost about turbulence to pull up the aerodynamic form of both birds—one of which

Allen in flight: car is wing and is pushed

was claimed by the aircraft's designer, Dr. Paul MacCready—and the other to stand by it. As he had to sit flat but two hours and 20 minutes later, the last craft bounced awkwardly down on the sands below the modernist Cap d'Antenne, leaving a mark in the process. Allen had pushed the pedals around 12,500 times. However, whose business it really is, the *Albatross* has been offering proof for man-powered flight for about 20 years. The first which started at \$12,000 and rose to \$120,000 remained unclaimed for 10 years until the team of Allen and MacCready won two years ago by completing a figure eight course of more than 100 miles in California. It is similar but slightly heavier

because. Krenner's comment on the left and right shows what you can do with determination.

A rather more recent comment was made by The Guardian newspaper—some 100 ft. in a view in which Britain were grappling with heavy new lines on gasoline designed to conserve driving energy applied in the "a big one for mankind." It followed, it was more on a bicycle can take better 15 ft. above the ground and proceed inland for 22 miles, the wind technology have had first day. The Guardian concluded that without technology there would have been no play in new with which to build the aircraft. But it and that Allen had proved "more solid human capabilities than the 100 ft. 70 years ago."

Carol Kennedy

Cyprus Dealing for dollars

Cyprus has long been a refinery location for Cyprus for 15 years, a contribution to peace given a 1976 move viability over the weekend at Turkish and Greek Cypriots met for talks which may well represent the last serious opportunity for a settlement on the divided island. The talks are being held in the headquarters of the Canadian contingent, the modernized Grand Palace Hotel, and near of Quebec's Royal 22nd (Van Do) Regiment—the same regiment that saw the first Canadian troops in the UN force back in 1948, are providing security. It is that sense that the UN force has been a part of a system of international security for the Greek Cypriots, which the peninsula see as one of the most serious obstacles to a settlement.

Greek Cypriots must make an offer of the

most substantial nations in the world. With a population of only half a million people, it receives something like \$54 million annually in grants and aid from the United States, Greece, the United Nations, Britain, Germany and other countries, as well as an average \$10 million a year in soft loans. In addition, it benefits massively from the UN military presence—costs estimated at \$25 million a year, of which Canada pays a hefty share—and from the British bases.

Foreign aid and loans approach a fifth of all government revenues, and the over-all contribution to the economy, including the military spending, may be of the same order. This provides a solid, if rarely acknowledged, base for the dynamic Greek Cypriot economy. But since much of the money directly derives from the division of the island, it also creates an aid dependency. It is that sense that the UN force has been a part of a system of international security for the Greek Cypriots, which the peninsula see as one of the most serious obstacles to a settlement.

Greek Cypriots must make an offer of the

foreign injections, given the Greek Cypriots no economic incentive for a settlement and tends to reinforce these hard-line who prefer the strategy of the "long struggle," which is really a strategy for the economic defeat of the Turkish side.

By several international aid standards, much of the money that goes to Cyprus is unjustified. Each year the American embassy in Nicosia recommends to Washington that there is no economic or humanitarian justification for aid and that none whatsoever should be offered. Each year Congress, thanks to the Greek lobby, inserts \$15 million for Cyprus into the aid bill. This year, the picture is 1981, who point out that American aid is supposed to go to poor countries—scale of funds, less than \$400 per capita income a year—and that per capita income in Cyprus is \$350, in the top third of the world for aid. UN development assistance, normally as well over \$10 million a year, is also open to criticism. "It might as well be in England or Denmark," said one expert. "We are providing free expertise and consultancy services to a developed



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country which could well afford to pay for them from its own resources.

The harrowing Cypriot aid package begins with Greece, which regularly puts in more than \$24 million. Then comes the Greek lobby in Congress with its contribution. The United Nations follows suit with emergency and development assistance programs that are predicated on all-island statistics which omit the per capita income figure. So do international banking institutions. Finally there is the sheer ingenuity of the Greek Cypriots in taking up and options of every sort.

The Turkish Cypriots, with an income per head of only \$1,824 and far graver economic problems, receive only a fraction of the UN aid, cannot raise loans and get no bilateral donations except from Turkey. Nor do they benefit anything like as much from the UN and British military money, on the whole, spend their money, both collectively and individually, in Greek Cyprus. At the least, the aid flow encourages complacency and caution on the Greek Cypriot side. If the island were successfully reunited, much of the aid would dry up and, eventually, the UN force would be terminated. The money might be replaced by new aid mechanisms and private investment—but that is a bird in the bush.

Meanwhile, the widening gap between the two communities adds to the Turkish Cypriots' reluctance to go into a settlement. They would lose their subsidies, too, before facing Greek eco-

some competition with which they have no hope of dealing unless there are special safeguards.

The Greek Cypriots seem to expect the aid flow to continue, even though



Canadian observer (above) and UN patrol peacekeepers as the problem

the two propositions on which it is based—that they will have a serious refugee problem and manage a developing, rather than a developed, economy—get flatter every year. One can hardly blame them. But, on the other hand, what began as a genuine world response to economic strife and real need has now become, at least in part, a subsidy system which both violates reasonable principles of international aid and afflicts against a settlement.

Martin Wolfson

Nicaragua

Back to fight another day

Within the confines of his underground fortress known as *El Bunker*, General Anastasio Somoza, his nose trembling with rage, last week roared to foreign newsmen that he would never resign. Outside, in the streets of Managua, the Nicaraguan capital, knots of refugees learned about the city from a Somoza's T-32 jet straddled guerrilla strong points in the slums with gas and rockets in what was widely predicted as the prelude to a showdown in the 16-month struggle for control of the Central American republic.

For two weeks last September, Sandinista guerrillas armed with revolvers and knives defied Somoza's National Guard, only to be crushed eventually by its tanks and planes. These followed a nine-month lull in which an international mediation effort collapsed, while Somoza brought in arms from Israel and upped the guard's strength from 7,500 to 13,000 and the guerrillas healed their wounds and led in arms from Panama and Cuba.

The latest round of fighting erupted at the end of May, when the guerrillas launched an invasion from Costa Rica, in the south, and called for a nationwide strike and a general uprising in the northern provinces, the rebels quickly gained control of León—the country's second largest city—Managua and Jinotega. In each, the pattern of fighting was the same. The Sandinistas, with handguns and a few 50-calibre machine-guns and bazookas, slipped in from the surrounding hills and, joined by local supporters, threw up makeshift barriers as protection from the fire of local guard units. The government strategy, as in September, sought to halt cut one beleaguered city at a time, sending armored vehicles and troops down the hilly, winding roads to join with air support in breaching the rebels' hold. In September, those convoys had rushed to the fight unhindered. But this



time the guerrillas erected road blocks and ambushed them in a battle for control of the roads



CONTRAST: MARIO PEREZ

Success while his troops on the Costa Rican border, arriving at which

population sought to fend off starvation, guerrillas fought running gun battles with the National Guard and turned down their weapons for a ceasefire. The US assembly called for the Organisation of American States to attempt a political solution. Otherwise, said Secretary of State Cyrus Vance—adding to US fears of another Cuba—"The chances of a radical solution to the problem are great."

James Fleming

Europe

The shape of things to come

Simone Veil always seems to win without trying. She is a poor speaker, but is so popular in France that whenever she gets asked by her opponents her standing in the poll rises rather than falls. Still, she managed the feat last week to lead her centre-right list of candidates to a clear victory in France's elections for the European parliament. She, without seeking approval, is likely to conquer Europe as well. Veil, a former Auschwitz prisoner who went on to become a magistrate and then health minister of France, is tipped to win the presidency of the parliament when its 430 members gather for their opening session in Strasbourg on July 15. In many ways, she seems an appropriate choice for the job. Her suffering

Giuseppe: votes in a bridgehead parliament



CONTRAST: MARIO PEREZ



as a ten-year under the Maastricht is a reminder of Europe's past. Her reputation as prime mover of social measures in France fits perfectly with the forward-looking mood of Europe at present. And, being a woman is a political year which has seen Margaret Thatcher become prime minister of Britain in, if anything, as a man.

But whether Van, a 51-year-old mother of three sons, can use her considerable skills in strike cohesion in a European parliament made up of a hodgepodge of German rightists, Danish Eshenborg, British down and faltering Italian Marxists in open to question. History's first international election, staged in the nine countries of the European Community this month, has given birth to what a Dutch newspaper called a "multilingual mosaic" moving in as many different directions.

On paper, the European right and centre treated the left, winning a combined score of 222 seats to 225 for the Socialists and Communists and 23 for the ecologists and other splinter groups. But the Socialists emerged from the ballot as the biggest single party, with 111 seats, and there appear to be enough left-leaning Liberals and Christian Democrats in the new house to see that they get a fair hearing. Moreover, the European left is traditionally more cosmopolitan in outlook than the right, so its members are expected to be the first in the Euro-parliament to iron national lines to rubline on issues dear to them, such as the 35-hour work week and the need to muzzle the multinationalists. Although the right has some vague goals such as "expanded European integration," observers suspect it will take some time for British Conservatives, British and West German Christian Democrats, Belgian and Dutch Liberals and French Gaullists to follow suit.

What they will achieve, however, is debatable. The new parliament, like the

Environment's 'multilingual mosaic'

former 226-seat dominated house, will enjoy no more than a limited say in budget matters and the power to drive the European Commission. Which is a way of saying its only true prerogative will be to influence and to recommend.

Yet the parliament does not lack heavyweights. When the French roll is read it will include, apart from Van, such worthy names as Willy Brandt of West Germany, Barbara Castle of Britain, Leo Tindemans, a former prime minister of Belgium, Gaetano Thorelli, a former prime minister of Luxembourg, and a dazzling array of Frenchmen (France put up the most impressive list of all the member countries).

There are plenty of good intentions, too. The new members unanimously want to get off to a quick start in an attempt to revive public interest in the community and avoid sinking into the

anonymity that afflicted the old assembly. One move which they are believed to be considering at the start of investigative hearings such as those held by US congressional committees. There's plenty to investigate, but what happens then? That is a question that internal measures and external pressures—from the bureaucrats of the European Commission, the Council of Ministers and the national governments—may yet prevent the parliament from answering.

Price Lewis

Ireland

The pluck of the Irish

Hotel staff near London's Heathrow Airport have been paid less recently by a marked increase in the number of Irish clients. The reason

is, of course, a new export drive for Irish whiskey, a bar snip in butter, another mild Irish export, but the answer is more mundane. They simply want to suit a letter. Flying to London is a lot more expensive than buying a stamp. But Irish executives—and ordinary citizens—have been driven to extremes of ingenuity as a result of a strike by trainmen and telephone operators which last week entered its fourth month. The strike—the longest in the history of the Irish public service—has left many areas more cut off than they were in the 19th century and, in local terms, that means nothing.

The Irish have reacted with less anger and as much resourcefulness as did Canadians in their similar but

Photoes on strike: what goes in the soap?

shorter lived difficulties last year. In addition to England, businessmen make regular trips to Northern Ireland where, provided you remember to buy British stamps and to put your letters in a red box, not a green one, there is no problem with the post. Some employees have been awarded to full-time mail-delivery duties for three days, while others spend their evenings driving around with local mail.

The 10,000 strikers show no inclination to return to work, while their demand for a 35-per-cent wage hike goes unheeded, even though their union's strike fund has long been exhausted and many are on the breadline. "It's not a question of what to buy for the dinner anymore," said one housewife, "but what to put in the soup." However, a few hundred wives and children turned out in Dublin last week for a march in support of their malefolk.

More pragmatic citizens can even find silver linings among the clouds of gloom. The Irish prefer to talk rather than write and blather—in one word, they're more talkative. But the Irish are not so naive as to believe that philosophy is being taken to lengths that have big business and public opinion seriously worried. The electricity service is already 800 million short and Radio Telefís Éireann, the state-run broadcasting service, cannot collect \$4 million owing in licence fees because these are currently paid through post offices. Worst of best of all, depending on your point of view, income tax here cannot be sent out and the government has had to borrow from the central bank to meet the shortfall, just like any free-spending citizen looking for an overdraft.

There will, of course, be a day of reckoning and the fear is that it could

A story of execution for the messengers

The South African government took a step back last week from what was starting to look more and more like a completely arbitrary rule withdrawing the most effective clause from a bill that would have made it illegal for the press to report without government approval on almost anything. Prime Minister P. W. Botha's retreat followed a warning volley of criticism from local Afrikaner newspapers and ex-members and from within the ranks of his own National Party as well as its traditional opponents—the parliamentary opposition, English-language press and the black community.

Steady shaken during his last 30 months in office by the Muldergate scandal when he intervened in department which led to the resignation of President Jan Smuts for the month Botha had appeared shocked

last in his attempt to kill off the messengers who had brought the howl of protest within his own country. That he sudden capitulation last night at his opponents' appeals that he must not make a law in the press which would make Afrikaners and others to press have to acknowledge being that Botha continued to refer to "certain irresponsible media" and was still committed to "taking steps" should its actions not come off. It added when one of the opposition leaders and several charges, among others, the allegedly unimpeachable reporting of the scandal. "These are all," said the paper, "concerning its own question" because the reports have been correct and verifiable.

Botha is about-face still lower many negative press items on the topic particularly at a time of strikes that deal with private military affairs and anything that might be used to "mole" the population. But on a conference with a decidedly openly racist on press freedom, at least locally, the press has to play a much more critical role.

Dan Tarran

be similar to that which followed a bank strike some years ago, when the country was littered with dead sheep like empty bottles after a week. The president of the South African Exporters Association, James Kennedy, has since warned that efforts to overcome the effects of the strike may be concerning the damage it is causing. The tourist industry is reckoned to have lost a cool \$100 million last year. But it pressures on the Pietermaritzburg, the second largest city in the country, particularly in view of its losses in the recent local and European elections, no one is rubbing salt yet to other Christmas cards.

Brendan Keenan

Morocco

An Arab leader's crown of thorns

Throughout Barber tribunes Arab stallions raised their ribes to salute, drums and pipes throbbed and a mass of colorfully robed spectators. At the entrance to the medieval city of Fes, the old shrine of rare jewels over hundreds of precious handwoven carpets strewn across the highway.

If there was a touch of Oriental splendor in the welcome given last week to King Juan Carlos of Spain on his first official visit to Morocco, it was not surprising. His host was King Hassan II, the nation's guide, sultan of the kingdom and last in a long line of Almoravid dynasty rulers, but a monarch best to trouble. The 69-year-old Hassan needs all the friends he can get,

Tension has risen in the area after Polisario attacks well within Morocco's borders—the latest came at mid-week against the southern town of Tindouf, prompting a warning from Hassan that his troops were ready to pursue the guerrillas into Algerian territory. Without the support of Socialist Algeria, claims Hassan, Polisario would collapse. Open warfare has often appeared close between Algeria and Morocco, but now, said King, "the situation could explode at any moment."

The situation within his country is potentially explosive too. In theory, Morocco should be prosperous. It is a land of barren desert and stark mountains, but also of rich mineral and considerable mineral wealth. It is the world's largest exporter of phosphates, producing last year what was called the "contract of the century" with the Soviet Union.



But 60 per cent of the population is illiterate, scraping a desperate existence with outdated farming methods or living in shack towns around the cities. Harbours have been bad, phosphate prices have fallen and the war has drained resources. Inflation could reach 16 per cent this year and wages are not keeping up. Unemployment is at least 30 per cent.

Not that a visitor to downtown Casablanca would guess anything was wrong. Highbury Regent would not recognize today's sprawling industrial port of more than two million. Smart boutiques, lofty office blocks and French cuisine lend a sophisticated Parisian air to the city centre while, further down the Atlantic coast, Canadian, U.S. and European youngsters dream their days away on beaches, which is cheaply and easily accessible.

For young Moroccan like 20-year-old student teacher Abdelhak Zakar, however, life has more problems than pleasures. "Books are expensive and many kids can't even get a school place," he says. And people lucky enough to find a two-room apartment in a grimy old block in Casablanca may pay five francs a month rent—double the wage of, for example, a waiter.

Yet living 10 or 11 to a room still seems preferable to a rural existence in a mud-brick hut. Abdelhak's boss, a leader of the opposition Socialist Union of Popular Forces, says land reform in the poverty "One cannot develop a country if one leaves 70 per cent of the people in a subsistence economy."

The scandal is not evidence of significant changes, however, until the king releases some of his power. Parliament is dominated by pro-Hassan "Independents" and the king is commander of the armed forces as well as being religious leader of the Sunni Muslims. Strikers have been arrested or dismissed, and while press and parliamentary criticism is permitted an unknown number of political prisoners linger in jail.

Out in the Sahara itself, the 80,000 Moroccan troops are reported to be discontented with the lack of funds, the difficult conditions, and the king's policy of the war. But their task is clearly to get harder rather than easier. The Polisario is judged to carry the war even deeper into Morocco and Hassan's former ally, Mauritania, is trying to settle with the guerrillas.

There is then no easy way out for Hassan and his difficulties are compounded by the fact that even his opponents want the war to succeed. Indeed, his throne could well depend on it. "I am always telling my people that the burden of the Sahara is great," he says, "but the fact is that the Moroccan people have the Sahara in their blood, and what am I to do?"

David Baird

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U.S.A.

What makes Andy run

When Andrew Stein, now Manhattan borough president, was 13, his father, New York politician Jerry Finkelstein, took him to the White House to meet President John F. Kennedy. "What are your ambitions?" the president asked the young man. "I thought for a minute," recalls Stein. "Should I tell the truth?" Plunging in, Stein pointed to the chair behind Kennedy's oval office desk. "In 30 years, Mr. President, I want to sit there."

Today, 34-year-old Democrat Andrew Stein (the bowdlerized version of his family name which he now uses) is it, but parent of his goal. Last week he graced headlines—the sort that mark the politician's road to success—with revelations of massive irregularities in the purchase of \$251-million worth of train overhauls for the New York subway system. The bungling scandal which has led to a \$124-million suit by the city includes charges from a former employee of Pullman Incorporated, which built the 1,346 undercarriages known as "snorks," that the company misled Metropolitan Transit Authority inspectors to certify the equipment even though quality-control tests had shown it was substandard. "People knew that there was something wrong with these subway undercarriages, but no one was doing anything about it. Now the FBI, the city, everybody is investigating," says Stein. Then he adds, with the language used by his become his trade mark: "I just have a sense of the means. Believe me, that could be as big as the running-the-counters."

If it is, Stein stands to be a real winner. When he was a New York State assemblyman his investigative of financial scheme and patent neglect in New York nursing homes led to conviction of several of the institutions' operators and as incidentally to his publicity for Andrew Stein. Last year he handily defeated Robert Wagner Jr., son of former New York mayor Robert Wagner, for Manhattan borough president in a race that saw each side spend \$1 million.

Money has never been a problem for Stein. His multimillionaire father has underwritten every step of his political career since he had out \$300,000 to finance Andrew's first campaign for state assembly in 1967. "If his father weren't wealthy, powerful and pushy and as an attorney for his son as Joe Kennedy was for his—placate Andy, wearing enough gold jewelry to require bodyguards, would probably be having garments on Seventh Avenue," says one New York journalist. Referring to Stein's "never talk politics with my father even though I've used his money in my campaign."

Stein's enough jewelry for bodyguards

Jerry Finkelstein's handrail, however, is not the only shove against Stein. Critics have repeatedly accused that his investigations have been motivated more by political opportunism than an outraged conscience. And some point out that much of the sensational digging for the incriminating information is done by Stein's young assistants, who blend ideas with the capital to kick their wages to a mere rate for the current as busy investigation, two Stein kids spent more than six months at Transit Authority headquarters, poring over 1,800 pages of correspondence.

To detractors, Stein's own intellectual prowess also has been questionable. They delight in recalling that he attended four colleges before finally receiving his degree.

Such principles, however, no longer bother Stein. "Look," he explains, "I think a lot of people were against. I've been in politics for over 10 years now and those people are still waiting for me to make a mistake. How can you say that's not smart?" Opponents have indeed issued to take Stein more seriously. Last year his endorsement and financial support for a general assembly defeated one powerful state as-

sembly speaker Stanley Spingarn, with whom he had traded for years. Now Stein makes no secret of his contempt for some of New York's top Democratic bosses, including Governor Hugh Carey and Mayor Koch. "Koch and I, we just don't get along," he says. Such quotes make weekend columns, and Stein is open quest for next year's Democratic nomination for New York senator has not won him many allies either. But he remains confident New York's political establishment will not be able to deny him.

"It bothers people that I come right out with my ambitions," says Stein. "That's not supposed to be cracker. If I tell you, I'll tell anybody, I want to be senator." Then, self-consciously fingering his PT-109 tie clip, a reminder of the Kennedy years, Stein adds: "I want to be president." —Ella Christopher

Open season on good buddies

National Guardsmen wearing fish helmets and taping M-16 rifles were heading by to erect truck barriers through the southern United States this week to help prevent further bloody embroilments as a strike by independent truckers continued to tighten its squeeze on food and gasoline supply lines. Shoppers hiding in bushes at the side of highways last week fired on trucks that dared to stop on the roads in Iowa, Nebraska, Minnesota and at least five other states. In Alabama, the 26-year-old wife of a Georgia trucker's son shot and critically wounded while riding in her husband's rig. She had gone along to keep him company.

The Independent Truckers Association, which represents about 20,000 of





the nation's 100,000 independent over-the-road truckers to handle 40 percent of fresh food supplies, has called for a nationwide campaign to back demands for cheaper diesel fuel, standardized load limits and a 55-mph speed limit. If fully obeyed, that could halve the \$50,000 long-haul trucks in the U.S. and, last week, with 75,000 trucks off the road, the independents were more than halfway to their target. Strikers were operating highway blockades at truck stops, gasoline terminals and farmer co-ops in 37 states.

In addition to fresh food and gasoline supplies, the strike was also threatening power—and jobs. Many corporations unable to get supplies were fleeing the state. The huge meat company Platte Packing of Billings, Montana, was one example. By the weekend, starved of pig deliveries, the plant was operating at half capacity and company employee John Harris was desperately trying to find drivers who would work. He didn't have much success. Said Harris, "They are afraid to go out on the road. Some of the fellows who kept driving have had cuffs in the middle of the night and so have their wives."

The independent truckers' case is that the cost of diesel fuel has gone up about 30 cents a gallon since April 1, increasing the cost of an average weekly haul by \$200. Despite a recent increase in freight rates, the average independent who had been earning \$1,500 to \$1,900 a month last year, has had earnings cut by about \$300, they claim.

But so far, with President Jimmy Carter preoccupied with SALT, Washington has shown little sympathy. Officials have merely promised to study

National Guardsman on guard and (below) Indiana truckers pulling night shifts



their case. The White House will only start paying attention to the truckers' demands, says Edwin Holden, a female trucker from Adamsville, Alabama, "when the public's belly goes growling." She and her fellow strikers insist that that will not be long in happening.

William Lowther

'They all up there bucept dat one'

It is spoken in the ghettos and inner cities—a flowing, rippling speech known as black English. To the uninitiated ear its fractured grammar and word play sound as foreign as Swahili and, last week, in a case that could have profound implications nationally, a federal court in Detroit was invited to judge if it is, in fact, a distinctive language or merely a dialect.

The point at issue before Judge Charles W. Keener is whether black English is a barrier to learning standard English and, if so, whether a school system has a legal responsibility to help students to overcome the barrier so that they can participate in instructional programs on an equal basis with those who speak standard English.

The case was moved by a suit brought against the Ann Arbor school district by 13 black children who attend the Martin Luther King Jr. School. They claim that the school system violated their civil rights by failing to help them learn the language barrier.

Some of the children involved—on the basis of their classroom performance—have been classified as mentally handicapped. In arguments put before the court last week, attorneys representing the children said that the basis for the case rests in the Equal Educational Opportunity Act of 1974. A section of that act provides for special help for children who speak a language other than English.

For years there have been complaints among black families that their children are miseducated and ignored because they cannot communicate with white teachers. "The black children involved in this case may just as well have been speaking Chinese for all they could have been understood in school," said a spokesman for their law firm. As part of its case it proposed to enter into evidence tape recordings of black English. Examples: "My mamma name Mary" (my mama's name is Mary), "Sometimes she-ah let us" (sometimes she will let us) and "And they all up there bucept dat one" (and they are all up there except that one).

The school board answers that the ways children speak and act are all things a teacher must take into consideration. The judge is expected to give his ruling by mid-July. If he finds for the children, it could mean that schools throughout the nation have to provide translators and special instructors for black ghetto children. It could also mean a whole new program for elementary schools.

William Lowther

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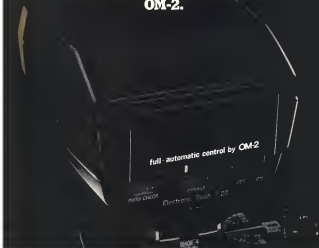
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Bachelorettes: a crying need and a shame

On a blue-scented Sunday afternoon in late May, Toronto's mayor John Sewell, clutching a bull horn, leapt along the streets of South Parkdale leading a band of about 300 Torontonians on a tour of the local horrors known as bachelorettes. "There's one, folks!" he shouted, pointing to a stark, square, stained building wedged between two well-kept Edwardian houses on Dunes Avenue. The structure held 30 one-room apartments, each the size of a horse's stall, with its own bathroom and kitchen—and each existed in direct contravention of the city's zoning bylaws. The crowd murmured in disapproval.

Bachelorettes are not a new problem in the 100-year-old Parkdale community. For the past five years landlords have been busily converting converted rowing houses into some of the profitable little units. And the idea has now spread through rooming-house properties in the Annex and Cabbagetown

areas of the city. Then, last January, Sewell assigned a task force to examine the situation. Its report, completed in April, forms the basis for resolutions that will come before city council on June 25. In the past, councils have played the city's building department, which has seen officials charged with municipal corruption and breach of trust in connection with possibly illegal conversions. Parkdale residents see themselves as victims of slow-moving bureaucracy, and are angry about the unwitting influence the sudden influx of semi-transient singles has had on their community.

Alderman Barbara Adams, 31, was a popular figure on the mayor's staff. The first chairperson of the Parkdale Working Group on Bachelorettes, she has spent the past three years struggling with the question of what to do about the 300 bachelorette buildings put up in the 32 blocks of South Parkdale



"It's a crucial issue," she says, "and now at last it's being treated as such."

Yet Adams, the mayor and two other aldermen who worked on the 80-page task force report admit that Toronto needs bachelorettes. Their quibble lies with ensuring a humane environment for both tenants and neighbors. According to a recent federal housing survey, Metro Toronto is the toughest place in Canada to find an apartment. The vacancy rate is 7 per cent, which means



Adams and bachelorette interior. Black picture for single apartment builders

that only one out of every 125 apartments is available and the rate is even more disproportionate in the downtown area. All of which paints a bleak housing picture for single apartment hunters who make up one-third of the city's population.

Reports from Parkdale residents indicate an increase in drug dealing, prostitution and harassment of women and the elderly on the streets. "Ninety-four per cent of the rental buildings in South Parkdale are owned by absentee landlords," Adams says. "They don't know or care about what's going on."

The task force's main recommendations involve creating a "cleanup team" headed by a lawyer with the assistance of various city departments to track down illegal and enforce the by-laws. But it takes a long time to get a landlord into court, while in the meantime his units continue to be illegally rented or, in the case of about 50 Parkdale buildings, they are boarded up indefinitely.

One of John Sewell's walking band asked why the city didn't just buy out the bad guys and make a fresh start. "Expropriation is out of the question," said the mayor firmly. "We're not going to reward these guys for doing illegal stuff!" The people married approval.

Narrissa Kossler/
Continued on B1

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Education ■ YESS, it's working

Across the country, recent university graduates—especially arts and science grads—go back with high-school dropouts, on the lines of the unemployed. The noted inability of a graduate to attract offers of employment has spread from York University, Toronto to other colleges and universities, resulting in a unique experimental course in raising a small business. It is a non-credit, seven-week workshop called the York Science Self-Sufficiency (YSSS) program, and caters to arts and science students and graduates. They learn the basics of managing a business, including selling, financing, finding the right location, keeping records and how to do market research. After 18 months, 50 students have graduated from the program. About 30 have now set themselves up in small businesses.

Two years ago Steven Campbell, 28, and his partner Anne Eggen, 34, were York arts students. Today they employ eight people in a 57-seat restaurant, Mazon & Assoc., in Downsview, Toronto.

Campbell was so confident he would succeed after taking the YSSS program that he didn't bother finishing his degree in economics. "When I looked at the job prospects for arts graduates, I decided that I was more visible," he says.

YSSS is the brainchild of two York professors, Eric Winer, director of Colman College, and Ron Petersen, director of small-business programs. They began the program in the fall of 1977 because they were aware and more students either unable to find jobs or seriously underemployed.

"If you don't have entrepreneurs who know how to take risks and develop new products, the economy doesn't grow and you don't get more employment," says Petersen. While his graduate students track the program and after individual consulting, he encourages the country, exhorting other universities, high schools and even public schools to teach more business skills.

Of those people who have taken the YSSS program, 98 per cent of the first-year students are now operating their own businesses and others are involved with start-up plans. Says Gord Greaves, who hopes to start manufacturing stained glass, "YSSS was the most useful thing I took at university." Shelle Fells

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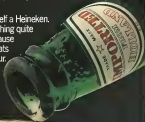
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(Chicago: 3 discs)

Canada's greatest and most voluminous vocal expert, Jon Vickers, muses the role of the isolated, distressed English fisherman with an emotional elegance worthy of Britten's masterful music. His voice, the world's most poignant tenor, shows no signs of wavering: there's gorgeous tone, Wagnerian size and stretch, some elements of sound in the mid range, real throat in every word. As the sympathetic schoolteacher Ellen Orford, Heather Harper is (gratefully) heard but not seen. Davis's conducting, especially of the sea chorales, brings the village vividly to life, and the quality of sound from Philips is, as usual, outstanding. **Lawrence O'Toole**

LOOKER
Don O'Rourke
(PCCA)

Bowie has kept his sanity from status by refusing to sanctify rock. On more than half of *Looker* he is again buoyed by the light and masterful music of Brian Eno. On side 3, sounds from foreign lands are put to frantic effect, on the flip side, the traveller is no less dislocated at home. All of it is awfully repeated listening.

THE BELLS
Lou Reed
(Arista/Capitol)

Los Reed's landscape is more emotional than Bowie's. His tough and bitter ways, his concern with the daily mysteries of pain, veil a gaping vulnerability. Less morbid than *Street Hassles*, *The Bells* is another kind of achievement. All Through the Night and Families are especially wrenching. **David Livingstone**

Pursuing the working woman

By Barbara Amiel

"Economic man," said the research analyst as he pushed a microphone forward, "but see you, a working woman?" Grounds 25-year-old consultant Pat Grundinger "Oh, not again! You're the third lot this month. Any more of this and I won't have time to work."

The confrontation took place on a Toronto street around lunchtime when swarms of female secretaries, bank tellers, lawyers and even taxi drivers are tripping the light fantastic. It is the new combination of work and home. At noon many working women do triple time trying to fit in personal shopping, family chores and, occasionally, a little lunch. That is, when they're not being interviewed, harassed and almost dis-

membered as the full impact of the female factor in the labor force begins to hit retailers, advertisers and overhaulers.

Government planners are into the act too, busily trying to expand the job market to cope with the flood of working women. But at a more everyday level the client of the working woman's salary is casting a good deal of rethinking in the boardrooms of the realm. What status-of-women conventions and guidelines on sexual stereotyping its advertising could never do—faced a society with a new image of women—women can now do for themselves in a free-enterprise economy the dollar backs louder than anyone's words. Since women are earning and spending more than ever, their habits, preferences, likes and dislikes are high

stakes for big business. Pat Grundinger is divorced, earns about \$12,000 a year and spends almost every penny of it. She is typical of the childless younger working woman on her way not to a menial job but to a career. In Grundinger's case, so is Yves St. Laurent fashion buyer.

In 1978, Statistics Canada listed nearly four million women working, or 38 per cent of the total labor force. Of those, 42.8 per cent were married. And while for many such women equality in the working world has meant taking on the minutiae of a man's role as well as the pluses—jobs she dislikes but must do to make ends meet or keep up the mortgage payments—for a growing number of younger women, work in both a means of support and a clear sign of getting some of the good things in life—



everything from the luxury of fine art to safari in Kenya. "We just sold a \$1,000 Eskimo soapstone sculpture to a young woman," reports Toronto's In-n-out Gallery. "She'd been eyeing it for six months." What the gallery didn't know was that the woman in question, a newspaper reporter, had taken on an extra job during her three-week vacation to finance the purchase.

Retailers and fashion designers are most immediately affected by the phenomenon of the working woman. The big trade, for example, has finally realized what seemed obvious to women themselves for years: women are not single personalities. They may wish to be demure in the day, sexy in the evening. They may be wistful in the boardroom if it suits their strategy and straitlaced in the bedroom if the side appeals to them. Women are no longer obliged to make ideological or social statements with their clothes. "I used to have to wear jeans if I wanted the fellows to categorize me as sexy," says 28-year-old psychologist Gayle Jones, of Vancouver. "But now I can

wear dresses and classical sportswear, the things I like when I like, and no one questions whether I've 'sold out' or still support prison reform. Clothes aren't the signals they used to be anymore." It looks down to a woman-of-the-age. Women don't have to dress the part of the housewife, the pluggish, the executive or the revolutionary to be taken seriously in any one of those roles. Meanwhile, this new freedom has filtered down through the designers' workshops, giving women a choice this summer and fall of fashions ranging from structured retro, space-age galactic, updated military or sexy slit-to-the-waist. And because the dreadful period of aggressive clothes and status-symbol dressing is passing (the lead by the drizzle of the Canadian dollar, ingenuity and individuality in dressing have returned), fashion has become the truly sophisticated pop art form of the decade. A creative dresser can design a look for herself as \$15 that is as fashionable as the women with \$150 to throw around.

But who are all these women with \$15 to \$150 to spend on an outfit, and where

will they find it? Is a boutique? A department store? The discount store? Market analysts are pursuing the working women with enthusiasm. A recently negotiated study by Toronto Retail Marketing Associates revealed working women (who are some 600,000 of the greater metropolitan area). The report is clearly aimed at helping stores understand this potent new customer. The data amassed even included her physical characteristics: she is five-foot-four, has a 38-40 bustline of wearing glasses, weighs about 132 pounds and shows a thrifty preference for buying at least 25 per cent off her wardrobe on sale. "The data probably holds true for most urban areas across Canada," says 484, President Ian Kahan. "But it's very difficult to put these women down. The most difficult thing is defining what constitutes discretionary or disposable income and what money that is absolutely needed to keep the household together. From what we can see, housewife and the working woman are more likely to have two cars, more likely to have gone abroad for a holiday and probably somewhere by plane last year. But, you see, then you have to add in the cultural variables like women from ethnic families where the work ethic is very strong and the women are working in order to purchase a house. A number of ethnic families use all their earnings at home buying and they end up paying off mortgages at an incredible rate. But they won't fit into your neat two-car picture."

Nor will they fit into Kahan's data, which indicates that the housewife spends an annual average of \$500 on personal purchases (clothes, cosmetics) while the working woman spends \$800. Or that the working woman prefers smaller boutiques or specialty shops. And there is the rub. Facing a drop in their share of the retail dollar (down in 1978 about \$350 million from previous years), the big department stores are getting into the hassle for the new darling of the retail trade: the lady eligible for unemployment insurance but with no need to draw it.

Nothing illustrates the growing anxiety of the parent of this new target customer better than the opening last April of the \$6-million markie, steel and glass palace of Toronto's new Holt Renfrew branch. Within days of the opening, shoppers were daubing a new hazard-lined up in squads outside. Hails, impervious to rain, sleet and explosives undeterred. Armed with clipboards, determined young ladies thrust themselves onto the path of passing pedestrians, yielding right-of-way only upon acceptance of an application for a Holt Renfrew charge account.

Inside the shop the approach was

even more blatant. Shoppers intent on reaching the main exclamation had to run a gauntlet of shop-cherry ladies who greeted with pleasantry such as "where do you work, and could we have your employer's phone number?" The results reflected their order. "We've opened up over 4,000 new accounts in two weeks," gloats an enthusiastic Benjamin DeWinter, the 35-year-old vice-president and general manager of the new store. "We're letting people know that this is not just for the customer set. We've ignored the working girl for too long."

The haste graphically illustrated the new direction of Holt's merchandising strategy. For nearly 60 years since the Canadian chain opened, it has been Canada's mecca for the earnings trade. Its dress sales, presided over by the acknowledged Canadian doyenne of high elite (read "expensive"), Montreal's Claudine Wrenn, have been the place for her's haute couture Dior or Armani. Little understated soirées at several thousand dollars an entrance. "But," explains a store executive, "you

can't open a store of 100,000 square feet on that customer." These days the store is aiming for the two-job family with a combined income of \$27,500. That means, he explains, that the wife may well be earning in the \$12,000 to \$15,000 bracket. Consequently, on the third floor of the new store, the Miss Renfrew shop carries 365 two-piece synthetic suits that are a good try at the \$750 silk designer outfits in the main-floor boutiques or the \$300 French ready-to-wear in the second-floor departments. "That's the way we've got to go," says DeWinter. "Canadian manufacturers learning to knock off the expensive designer looks. Made-in-Canada makes sense because our tariffs, duties and drastically devalued dollar means prices on imported clothes are prohibitive."

As competitive toughens up, everyone is getting into the act to provide more reasons to come shopping, though some credit analysts (and a number of husbands) might feel that is the last thing the debt-heavy Canadian economy needs. Zeller's has launched a

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disk new lifestyle tv advertising campaign featuring its own credit card and trendy new clothes priced at \$39.99 urging women to "play it bold, or play it safe but play it right"—and not a kitchen or nap in a single frame of the commercial. Even the paint-and-party Baret champagne girl has finally morphed into an active career type—though it has taken her long enough.

The concept of the store as a continuously sensitive is also going forward. "I see beach-funk fashion shows for summertime," says an apparently serious Mr. Wicker in the middle of his gleaming mirrored showroom, surrounded by Valentino and Prada boutiques and 21 different kinds of jeans in the garment sale. Down the road at the Bay, placards advertise the current evening live-wire series entitled *Observed* and *Liquid* for the "career-minded women."

The department stores have cottoned on to the retail profile of television risk-taking.

But at the end, the sales-per-square-foot warrens of the fashion boutiques, from St. John's to Victoria, come down to how well the buyers can read the fashion trends and predict the politics of fashion. After seasons of the bulky bagged look, fashion has descended toward

hosiery, pants-down styles, narrow skirts and body-revealing clothes. Trousers are tapered either to plimsy tight, with a return of the familiar caged pants. Skirts are slit to either regions long-and-covered and waists are emphasized with the ruffled or disk belt of the 1930s. Scapular dresses and tube tops (this year called "the butter") are giving the bosom a comeback as well as the underwear manufacturers. In fact, as women become more liberated in their lifestyles, the fashion designers seem best on putting more structure into their clothing. Shoulder pads, wheel-shaped tops and narrow stockings to be strengthened, tagged at and held up by garter belts on top of staggeringly high-collared-bared nudes are trickling into the stores.

"This year we're stocking up heavily on strapless bras ranging from lightweight wings to the hood-to-the-waist number," says retailer Jean Taylor of Toronto's Ila Bra. "In 35 and women my age don't want to go back into traditional underwire, but the young girls mean willing to try it out. And those tight new trousers are going to need foundations with a leg in them to smooth out lumpy thighs—or cellulite." For some Canadian lingerie designers

the trend is the straight skirt and padded shoulders is an excuse for strap underwear. "I've been pushing leg-and-belt underwear for years," says lingerie designer Barbara Semick. "When you look back structured on the outside, you want something thrilling, alluring and decadent underneath."

Toronto's high-fashion store Crooks was seeing the working girl about eight years ago with a special Miss Crooks department set removed from its traditional Carter-and-Chad classic. The shop now features "affordable fashion" like skinnies-as-a-cult, tight cotton pants at \$45 a pair and the "diaper dress" from one of Canada's hottest young designers, Wayne Clark. "It's lit up both sides almost to the point as joined between the legs," explains buyer Joe Weisman. "The young girls love it for evening. But we're staying away from the spunk look and the strapless shoulders. No one understands it. I just think that what today's woman wants." Says Stacey's fashion sales manager Gae Marro: "The customers are having the shoulder pads removed and the extreme side seen up. But, still, the younger working girls are going more daring. In the day they'll wear soft and feminine clothes, but practical—except for those five-inch heels they're leaning on. At night it's garter belts, oiled stockings, little appliqued tutus stuck on one breast or a backless and tails have topped over one eye. It all depends on the mood and where they live."

Marcia Elmer, 36, an assistant sales manager in a Vancouver boutique, spends close to \$4,000 of her annual \$55,000 income on clothes. "We're more laid-back in style now here than back East," she says. "I dress for my different moods. Sporty and colored in the day and feminine at night." In Ottawa, senior civil servant Marsha Sandfield, Montreal-born African ancestry, notes her extensive Third World wardrobe with the textures of Canadian designer Audea Staff. "I get a enormous pleasure out of textiles," she says, "and buying clothes is not a pressure but a pleasure."

Except for those few unfortunate creatures for whom walking within 30 blocks of a fashion shop is a daunting experience. "Faring Manhattan" is how one beleaguered group of spouses described their working mates' over-monthly migrations to the shopping centre of town. A Toronto dental hygienist, who readily admits to arriving from the Holt-Redford-Crooks address known as the Blue Street Blues, lamented last week as she looked at her overdramatic change statement: "What difference does it make if I've turned from Holt Redford? I'll just dash across the road to Crooks." ♦

Books

A BOUNTY OF BIOGRAPHIES

Biography tantalizes anyone who is curious as to their own adventures, whether in the arts, the sciences, philosophy or politics, is the biographer's target. Like children who instinctively take apart a new toy to see how it works, we want to know: What are the famous made of? Could we become Albert Einstein or as *Open Wide* if only the tidal confusion of our lives were in some way not dissimilar to theirs? Each year the biographies of important authors are published and sold, and while the learned lecture on what the best way to understand a writer is to read his work—and we agree the truth of this—all the same some lesser part of us wants to know

Begin with Prosperin-Marie Aronst, born in 1886, later to take the pen name Voltaire Bastien, the chronicler of clerical tyranny, he led an impeccable life, was brilliantly evolved in the novel to be published biography *Voltaire* by Jean O'Brien (Doubleday, \$20.95). This is a biography written with the humor, elegance and skill Voltaire deserves. Son of an upwardly mobile family, Voltaire shocked his notary father by his avocation at 16 that he would be a writer of letters. "In the condition of a man who means to be of no use to society, to sponge on his relatives and to starve to death," declared his father. In his own words of 1916 would have been right. In Voltaire's case it was simply to be in a condition of constant peril. In the France of Louis XIV and Jean XX the censor reigned supreme. The wrong thought could cost a man his tongue and two hands. Literary criticism was not an interesting subject considered over wine and cheese. It was a deadly game of punning/poisoning that led directly to the king's table—either at the palace of Versailles or the dungeons of the Bastille. None played the game better than Voltaire, or for higher stakes. Seeking protection from the fractured monarchies of Europe he played up to queens, courtiers and cardinals. He needed. He succeeded. He sought money, influence—and with the freemasons speak

The established church hated him. Theology is to religion. Last persons are so good. The arts, the sciences never do not, perhaps with good reason. (Author Jean-Baptiste Rousseau would show him the manuscript of his *God is Poverty* only to have Voltaire remark that "I doubt if this ode will ever reach its destination.") His own king would not receive him at Versailles. Louis XV never admitted that Voltaire, the champion of the Enlightenment, had no desire to be ruled by The People—only a desire for an equitable rule of law to be administered by a wise king. Of course Louis XV might have sensed this would still trouble him.

Morality, unlike Voltaire, are awkward people. They tend to thunder about abstract principles at bedtime. Joanna Richardson's biography *Zola* (McGraw-Hill, \$22.95) gives us a splendid example. The young Zola, victimized by a homosexual rape at age five, fatherless at seven and living in poverty with his mother for most of his teens, denied before turning 30 to become a famous poet. "I have no pity for the fate of the vanquished," he wrote in one of the rare letters he could afford to write to work by, "when it is their weakness which is to blame... You achieve nothing without determination." And other the whole. As the publicity rap at a Paris publisher, Zola parlayed his position into one of influence. His career under control, the father of naturalism began to turn out the *Rougemont* novels that are the basis of his work. The "realistic" books that describe life in the *de la vie* France.

In his personal life he enjoyed the privilege of the accomplished and wealthy: breaking the rules. Zola's faithful bourgeois wife was placed in one estate, and the peasant girl of his childhood dream—and mother of his children—in another. But it was Zola's journalism, rather than his novels or novel life, that electrified the world. Asked to look into the Dreyfus affair (the court martial and exile of a Jewish officer accused of treason) he did so,

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Love means always having to say you're sorry

PLAYERS
Directed by Anthony Harvey

What can you say about a 44-year-old woman who can't act? That she is Ali MacGraw. That she did *Love Story*. That she is the world's most actress. And that when she talks, you wonder what modern Hollywood miracle has arranged for her mouth to open. Luckily, she has been restricted to nothing more taxing than one-syllable words. Not that anyone could consider herself lucky watching *Players*, which is bad beyond belief.

MacGraw
Merits most
of the credit

We're at Wimbledon watching narrower Clara, played by Dean-Paul Martin (son of Dean and not really discussing of them) matched with Guillermo Ylan for the title. Clara keeps looking over at Ali's empty seat and flashes back to meeting her in Mexico where he saved her life after our crash. "With me happy birthday," she says later, in her suitably snooty manner. "You're kidding... you need a priest," he says. "I've saved my life. It's enough of a priest," replies Ali, her face noticeably blank. She's being kept by a tycoon (Maximilian Schell, whose performance largely consists of ordering breakfast for her) and this off to him at slightly crucial dramatic moments. Sandwiched between them are love-dovey marriages of the two. And a big coupling montage where the earth moves. Not Ali's fault, though.

There are so many types of optimism in *Players* that it seems to have been edited by a delirious. Best, maybe Clara's coach, Pasquale Gonzalez, telling him—after months of coaching—how to serve properly. Tennis has never been served as poorly. In this case, love means always having to say you're sorry to get the girlfriend to sit through this groaner.

base. An interviewer asks Vilas, "What is the magic which makes Wimbledon different?" Vilas replies, "The magic of Wimbledon." The movie has an 18 of 38. *Players* may turn you off instant forever. Balls get banged around over and over, scores counted and recounted. And it may be the only movie to use a term coined with certain leisure. As Fran Lebowitz would have put it, everybody is "suddenly too." As Clara's coach says, "If you're looking for sympathy you'll find it in the dictionary right behind you." *Players*, too, is above its match.

Lawrence O'Toole

A double whammy of Burbank wacko

THE UNLIVED
Directed by Arthur Hiller

A compromised variation on the well-worn Oscar and Felix routine, *Unlived* (Kornett) (Alien) has a lovely star and high blood pressure, is about to watch his only daughter wed the only son of Vice President (Peter Falk), underwears with questionable references and a powerful of over-the-top. It's a movie—a movie that could only have been made in Burbank. Kornett reaches the staid doctor from his root canal, dragging him to a hazy repel where they face the first squad of one General Garcia, with an interesting outburst of over-the-top, save the economy of the Western world and land before their offspring can say "I do." It's a beautiful of plot.

Alien, Falk: Battle the touch-off

that provides plenty of knee-slapping fun up on the screen, but leaves those below sleep-deprived. Writer Andrew Bergman (*Blazing Saddles*), has dashed up another double whammy of wacko and the result is a disturbingly consistent of vintage Jerry Lewis, more all-pungent on business, an airline named "Wacko," a charmed squad, and for the disappointment of Alien and Falk, it's harmless fun. Alien's performance is a masterful redemption. Falk, though completely gruff and scruffy, does better on television as the gambler with the mangled manner. Together, his General Garcia's well-laid plans, they collapse like a wet ton.

Ann Johnston

This one's Rocky II but that's fine

ROCKY II
Directed by Sigmund Spilberg

Silvester Stallone may not be able to do much else in this world other than Rocky, but my God, can he do Rocky!

It is not easy to say this, given how much critics and reviewers have wanted him to fall face-first into his own spit bucket with his sequel, but Rocky II is as good as Rocky I, which has become the modern standard for inspiration, leave-in-with-a-kump-in-their-throats movies. When, after more than an hour of blather but ineffective audience manipulation, Rocky Balboa drinks back into the ring with Apollo Creed, the odds start running in your favor and the pulse begins to quicken. The beating Rocky takes... as it was the first time around—a fortune and made even more so by the fact that Rocky could very well end up blind, and because Creed (credibly played by ex-footballer Carl Weathers) is obsessed with a need for vindication: he wants to pound the Italian Stallion into oblivion, to prove the first match was a fluke.

And the fight is magnificent, as brutal and bloody as after an the human mind can imagine. If Stallone lacks the skills of Rocky's mentor John G. Avildsen in other parts of the movie (and he does: the relationship scenes run a beat or two too long), his handling of the action is nothing short of brilliant. A silent, slow-motion sequence, with Rocky's face grotesquely distorted by punches, with blood and sweat floating through the air, his jaw clenching, involuntarily jerking back your head, almost taking your

own hands to ward off the blows.

The story, of course, is one long cliché, a fiery tale that begins with the "Sis," in fact, when trainer Bergman Mendel delivers his last-ditch sermon to Rocky, at 3 a.m. in a hospital chapel (where, naturally, Rocky is praying for wife Tula Stone, in a scene after delivery of their son, Rocky Jr.). It is impossible not to think of George C. Scott in the great spoof *Moon*, *Moon*.

What could be more lachrymose than the "melodrama" with, as he calls it, "a related lesson," blowing all the money

from the first fight, running up debts, and ending up carrying his bedsheet in the windy old gym once again? Or the best, leaving wife who fears for his life if he goes back in the ring, but who finally comes around, post-coitus, in her hospital bed and says, "There's one thing you can do for me." What's that, Rocky asks. "Well," she says, "ROCK!"

But who cares? Rocky Balboa is the stuff that dreams are made of, in an age when we need every dream we can get. And if there's a Rocky III or a Rocky EXXXI, well, that's just fine. John Gault

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Stratford: daring if not soaring

By Patricia Koeney Smith

With *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Richard II*, *Henry IV Parts I and II*, *Not Just Jack*, and *The Importance of Being Earnest*, Artistic Director Julian Phillips launches for Stratford '79 a parade of poetic soul-struggling for expression, determined, apparently rehearsing punishment for the responsibilities of life or just role-playing for its own playful sake.

Phillips creates a daring season, if not a consistently soaring one. Striving youth and innovation, he casts his shows largely from younger members of the company, bringing fast to most major roles but disaster to some minor ones. Design and direction (the latter much delegated to Phillips' associates, impressive over all).

The most stunning experiment of the Stratford season is a production of Shakespeare's *Richard II*. Against a stylized white set designed by Douglas Dore, triple casting is used in roles of the deposed king and his usurper, Bolingbroke, in the historical trilogy that ends with *Henry V* (to be done next year). Shakespeare writes an epic of Richard—from the hierarchical Middle Ages, when king was next to God, through the budding sea of civil war to a more expansive and politically enlightened time.

In *Richard II*, the stark, colored lip-lips of medieval tapestry are fading. Stratford's stark, ceremonial interpretation emphasizes the tragedy, through a ritual arrangement of actors and place, clear sounds. Vibrancy is absent. Verbal drives are thrown into high relief, forcing us to listen. The music demands and rewards great attention.

Director Zoe Caldwell draws distinctly different performances out of her three Richards. They are as they should be, finely wrought ornaments of an age about to shatter. Nicholas Pennell is impressive as a white-faced, hollow-eyed, death-haunted, long-alkindie fragility. The most regal of the trio, he is erudite and as impressive as an Oriental mandarin, maddly making words work, using language as his only instrument of power—to explore and, hopelessly, explain. With almost primitive animosity, Frank Merendino goes in the long as embolden who, when he finally



Doll Treacher (Martha Henry), Falstaff (Lewis Gordon): paries of the second part

accepts defeat, language reluctantly is a tool of weakness, he dies like a crushed swan. Looking almost Christlike, Stephen Russell's Richard is truly the king of elegy. The actor slips matterfully from the light intonation of questionable poetics to a poetic pathos, a more wailing agony. It is a lyrical study and Russell's full warrior-like leap against death comes as a surprise. He flies into a moment of human fury, remembering briefly that he is still on earth, though his spirit has been winging sweet and sang on its premature way to heaven.

After the aching, named Richard, Russell gives us a towering Hotspur in *Henry IV Part I*. Never a lion, he is the huge good-hearted Briton, Harry to his wife, Kate, full of humor and merely merit, demanding "travelling pains" and "bloody noses." A soldier and no politician, he provides the intended foil to Shakespeare's more complex Renaissance Henry type. Prince Hal, curiously watching the multi-faceted models of English life over which he must eventually rule, this character is economically difficult to pin down. After Richard Marston's more named, with his man if semi-derivative scheme of sovereign self-education, Hal has to span the towering grandeur of England's unruly individuals like an arch. At least Peter Moss gives the concept graphic expression during a splendid coronation pageant that is strong across the stage and a glittering necklace at the play's end.

Hal must also compete for the limelight (in Part II especially) with the evocative panorama of ordinary life, the rare lord of forbidden fruit, Falstaff is magnificent mobile portrait theater to Lewis Gordon, and his bright if wretched tavern world includes Eric Woolf's cynical Poins, Richard McNally's lushness Poins and Martha Henry's brittle, pathetic, Doll Tear-sheet. It's a rich, wide scene with a memorable painting of country folk as well—the defining rhetoric of *Shakespeare and Science* (Gordon Smith and Myra Blake) in their poetic content.

Douglas Ross's rare-voiced Henry IV finds nothing but discomfort in his crown. We feel the weight of his crown and the torment of tomorrow days and nights that rattle to a roller of self-massacred rebellions that he incites. If deposed Richard was a king welded to sorrow, political necessity drags down the fourth Henry like a dead weight. The final reconciliation with Hal is branded by Hal's horrified whisper of confession in which he promises to keep with a divine body the guilty burden that has darkened his life. Bolingbroke's hard-earned gift of peace, barely bought through a reign of constant ad-justment, provides only slight relief in this scene, moving period of a king

truly "back with evil blows."

Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost* is an (artistic) witness of adolescent amour and superbly decorative poetry. Its clever alliteration is expressed simply and accurately by Douglas Dugdale Dore and the direction, by Philip and Eric Kestel, which throughout inside the fishing of the young actors into nearly satisfying and appropriately natural patterns. The light elegance of the costumes is fine, rendering the play's few excessively sensible women



Stephen Russell's Richard II and songs

enough to play early at love with the foolish, thalidomide vision who court them by the look. During the comedy's inspired nonsense, sprightly indulged at Stratford, Shakespeare paradoxes a number of courtly and sensuous types while indulging in a dazzling exhibit of literary self-indulgence as one who adores the game yet recognizes its ironic limitations. Especially rich is Frank Marston's romantic, foolish knight, Don Armado, a kind of Don Quixote figure, and Dominic Byrth's dark-haired, openly laughing Rosaline. As the king of learners, Alan Scarfe exhibits quiet melancholia in volume contrast to his raring in Sheldon Ross's *Not Just Jack*, and accentuates the play's underlying note of sober realism. Ray's cast of tritons builds into two of Shakespeare's most rational songs as the season, which this production rounds with an unaccountably lessening Broadway treatment.

And Jack Benches from the important process of rewriting and more

evenly balanced casting. Alan Scarfe as John Flute is a superbly intelligent young man during of the theatre in the early part of this century, rolls about the stage like a big, funny, naive, innocent physical, self-destructive, impossibly idealistic and curiously naive. Scarfe's Jack is matched by Jim McGowan's sensitive, acerbic, predatory playwright who, early in his career, becomes bedridden with arthritis. They are locked into a symbiotic relationship which both nourish and exorcise, questioning each other with the contemptuous familiarity of characters in a play that has outlast its time.

Stage business in this production is both clever and apt, supplying moments of romance, laughter and childlike imagination which engage the audience's sympathy. It is a richly made, rather theatre, and a performance pace richly performed.

Over more, Stratford skillfully recaptures Wilde's timeless *The Importance of Being Earnest*. Its appeal is timeless if not specific, for it set just right in Edwardian England, skilfully handling the related bubbles of class and clergy with the brilliant use of absurd surface logic. The plot revolves around Lady Bracknell, that baroness of British society played with deadly poise by Wilton Hall (who a bit in the 1975 version). Unusually, director Phillips evokes a lovely laugher for the garden scene between Mrs. Marston's arch, country-fresh Gwendolyn, and Dominic Byrth's politely venomous Gwendolyn. The two play perfectly off each other, providing a powerful break from the break labor of the two men and all the witty repartee that opens the play.

Again, performers show their many talents. Nicholas Pennell does John Worthing with a rich-spoken gentility that betrays no trace of his tortured Richard. Similarly, Eric Doolittle's big little Cressida is only a distant cousin to his confused but well-meaning York in *Richard II*, while Amelia Hall's coy, nervous, Miss Prig, it remote from her graced and outraged Duchess of Gloucester in *Richard II*.

The company continues to exhibit strength, veracity in its senior young men, but occasionally in its major females and its veteran actors. Outstanding are William Newell's disheveled, Gwendolyn and his prophetic Bishop-Carlisle in *Richard II*. Max Elgmann's ready old Haldrames of *Love's Labour's Lost* and his conscientious Lord Chief Justice in *Henry IV*. While theoretically a good working policy, the use of very young actors has sometimes been a production. So far, with two seasons one day the Bart Shewell suggests musical adaptation *Happy New Year*, and four will show Shakespeare, the hard work.

After Trudeau's self-indulgent peacockery, a teen-age Eisenhower gets to run the store

By Allan Fotheringham

Pierre Trudeau tried to lead Canadians out of the jaws of death, but they wouldn't come—Carleton University Professor Patrick Macleod

Would it be permissible, now that we've stood off a full bullet's length for a few weeks, to take a rather different look at a rather different man, Pierre Trudeau as a tragedy-writer, the most private way we disguised himself with public buffoonery and food-dacery. The most quotable press minister we've ever had (some of it even printable) never once in 11 years allowed the public to penetrate the mask he wears often as he entered it—a steady read and unreadable personality that the voters, in the end, tired of trying to unravel. We like deadness in our leaders, but eventually we resent being cut off entirely from some tiny peek inside the mind. That, in the end, is what doomed Pierre Trudeau.

He accepted gratefully the power we handed him but he would not hand back the slightest insight into his soul. Still, let us count the accomplishments. The current myth is that he was elected enthusiastically in 1968 by anglophone Canada because he could "handle" Quebec but, in fact, in 11 years he made matters worse, prodding only a separatist government in his own province. That is not true. He was fighting a rearguard action against biliary Claude Ryan in the first to concede that the Parti Québécois stinks, when death with, in just one aspect of an evening drama that will be with us long after René Lévesque is gone. Trudeau, through his bravery in going to Ottawa to prove a point to the people he even now will not call "Quebecois," fought for time and won it for nearly a decade.

His comrades—Pelletier, Macphail—and his allies Lévesque, Goyen, Charbon, the Bloc—denounced the United Nations of the tired Liberal lack of endurance to earlier Liberal regimes. Whatever the movement of independence feeling among young in-

tellectuals in Quebec, it would have been far swifter without the Trudeau resistance on a higher percentage of francophones in the mainstream were presences of the upper mandarin, without the vibrant though fading dream of industrial-bilingualism among the wooden-legged civil servants, without the pointed lesson that a Pope could be inside minister, a Chretien could be finance minister.

The lesson was pointed at Quebec, though it killed the party in Ontario and British Columbia. (The operation



was a success, but the patient died.)

He knew, by 1968, that a gathering wave was chasing him in Quebec. Astute Quebec reporters knew that by the aborted Victoria Charter of 1971, the Beauséjour government in structures was controlled at the deputy minister level (Claude Morin) by the separatists. By 1975, when Pierre Trudeau returned to the Olympic Stadium box with the despised Jean Drapeau, he had lost all touch with the creative forces in Quebec he once used to lead. The wave washed over him.

Other poets He feared people who regarded us as being (essentially correct) to take a second look. The Guardians of Manchester say that events in Canada fall into the category of news neither important nor interesting. The Old World snobs, imbued with the tired, cynical pessimism of a succession of grumpy, frightened Harold Wilsons, were perplexed, outraged and coldly trifled by the fact this northern land could toss up a stylish wit



and fake mood who on occasion had an intellect. Their words whirled, momentarily, over their clones of King of the Royal Mounted. For that small, noisy alone, we are in tiny debt to Pierre Trudeau. Be honest.

He ruled, for a time, a remarkable measure in public interest in government and the political process. Later Kennedy, he inspired people who presently thought politics was the perverse (as it was) of dolted men with large ponds for stomachs and large vasa for principles.

In the end, style stuck him. Reporters swarmed over his gule in sweeping up to Rideau Hall to hand in his resignation in his Gatakyouk. Menendez sports car, in fact, it was his reminder the same voters gazing at their TV sets of the very reason why they dumped his self-indulgent peacockery. They wanted instead a tomorrow. Good-bye to mind the store and now they've got him.

More? He made us think, in a way, of the two suitcases simply by being our first leader who could swear, so elegantly and so vulgarly, in two languages.

Just as much as he raised the hubbels of those whose hubbels he had the thought of our sides been, there has never been so much interest in right school and university and correspondence French. He is, in his own perverse way, the ghost of Riel.

In retrospect, he was a lousy leader, the definition of a leader being someone who can gather strong lieutenant around him, and Pierre Trudeau—in an astonishing confusion to biographer George Radwanski—confirmed what we all sensed him of. He felt no duty whatsoever to persuade wavering souls (Turner, Macdonald, whatever) to stick with him, nor did he think it was his task to seek out replacements. Those who felt it impossible must come in submission to the Sun God. He was not a leader. He was the original agitator.

That was his fatal weakness. But he gave it a try. Give him credit for that.



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